

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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KILLING THE DRAGON OF EUROPE

THE WAR DRAGON OF EUROPE

MR HOOVER AS
SAINT GEORGESaving the Nations From Their
Grave Peril

A TREMENDOUS STEP

It is just six months since the C.N. suggested a plan for saving the world from its troubles. This is what we said on January 10:

Round the world's neck hangs the millstone of its War Debts. Could not the world agree to give the debtor nations a substantial breathing space?

If the war payments could be suspended for three years, the struggling nations would have time and opportunity to readjust their problems.

If the world was no better for it the debts could be as they were again. If the truce saved the world (as it would) everybody would be willing to let the accursed millstone lie where it had fallen, or throw it to the bottom of the sea.

Now is the time for a bold experiment. Whether the creditor nations want it or not, it must come; and the glory of it will be with the nation that is bold enough and brave enough and sane enough to suggest it.

A Year's Breathing Space

The glory of it belongs to America, for President Hoover has lifted up the heart of the whole world by suggesting that the War Debts shall be suspended for a year.

Moved by the threatened bankruptcy of Germany and the narrow escape of Austria by the help of the Bank of England the President has offered that the United States will postpone all debt payments due to her if the European nations in their turn will suspend payment of the debts due to them. This would immediately relieve the defeated nations of the obligations which press so heavily upon them, while it would also relieve other nations from the suffocating pressure of the debts.

So far as our own position is concerned, we should cease for twelve months the sorrowful process of drawing enormous sums from European countries to forward to America.

The Wealth From The War

President Hoover disclaims any intention of cancelling the War Debts to America, but undoubtedly we have in his present action the first step toward recognition of the fact that these financial burdens are more than the world can carry. It was President Hoover himself who put on record, as long ago as 1917 (before America entered the war), his high-minded view of America's duty to the world. These are the noble words he said then:

America will be rich, prosperous, and wealthy as the result of this war. We shall have made untold millions of this wealth out of the woe and swelter of Europe. The

money which has come to us from these people is money in trust, and unless America recognises this trust she will pay dearly and bitterly for its possession.

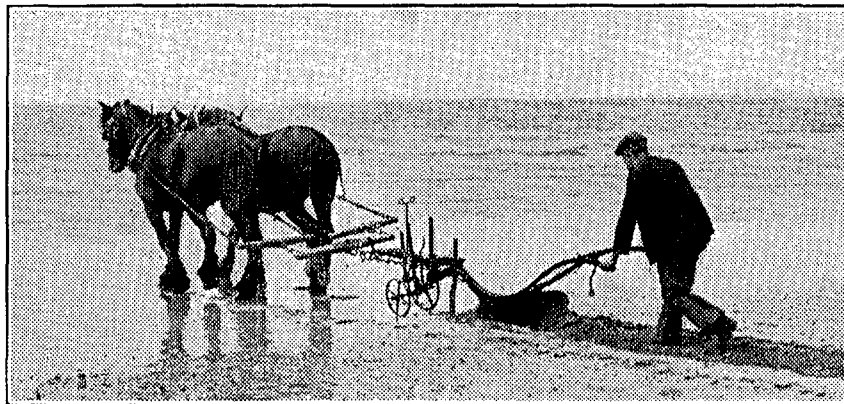
These words were uttered before America had lent huge sums to the Allies for war operations. The loans consisted of war munitions and war goods; in reality, America was doing with dollars what she could not yet do with men. The force of Mr Hoover's words, therefore, was augmented by what took place after they were spoken.

In 1931 the war payments due from Europe to America amount roundly to £50,000,000. Of this sum Britain alone furnishes about £33,000,000, collecting it in Europe from France, Italy, Ger-

many, Greece, Yugo-Slavia, Portugal, and Rumania. As the C.N. has shown again and again, these vast international transactions divert the normal channels of trade. To relieve Europe of their consequences for a year will be to do much to set world trade on its feet again and restore confidence to mankind.

Let it not be supposed, however, that Mr Hoover is only conferring a favour on Europe by his action. The plain fact is that no country has suffered more from these War Debts than America herself, and the President knows well that their collection has spoiled the channels of American trade and made it difficult for America to export anything. In helping the world America is helping herself.

Ploughing the Sands



The ploughman at work



The saying Ploughing the Sands has for so long been used in referring to a hopeless task that it comes as a surprise to find such ploughing actually taking place. At Worthing furrows have been made on the seashore in an attempt to drain the sands and so make them firmer.

THE MAN DOWN IN THE THAMES

IMPRISONED AT THE
BOTTOMAn Extraordinary Adventure
in Real Life

HOW THRILLING THE LIFE OF THE DIVER MUST BE

William Milton of Barking lives to feel a certain scorn for imaginary tales written about divers and their perils. He is a diver who has escaped from a horror such as the writers of fiction never imagined.

This was no adventure after pearls, but a feat of dangerous engineering in 15 feet of mud at the bottom of the swiftly-moving Thames, leading to a nightmare of struggle and menace, with life hanging by a thread in the form of a slender breathing tube.

In Deadly Peril

At the great Ford works which are rising by the side of the river at Dagenham huge piers are being built up in the water to form a jetty, and, to secure the foundations of these, enormous steel cylinders are being driven into the mud. One of these caissons, weighing nearly 200 tons, became immovable, and Milton had to remove the obstacle which was barring further progress.

The tide was turning, and a sudden outward rush of water washed the diver below the bottom of the caisson to the outer side and filled with mud the hole through which he had been forced. There he lay helpless, mud piling 15 feet deep upon him, and with his breathing and signalling tubes passing under the edge of the steel cylinder and up the inside to the works on the surface.

Men went down to his aid, but as fast as they cleared away the mud the stirring waters deposited new layers. The greatest care had to be exercised by the relief men and by Milton himself lest the tube should be severed and cause his death by suffocation.

For seven hours his comrades laboured, one diver playing on the mud with a powerful hose actuated by an engine in a fire-tug, while others gradually paid out length after length of air-tube from the inner to the outer side of the cylinder.

Rescued After Seven Hours

At last this air-tube was long enough to allow Milton's inflated suit to force him up through the mud to the surface of the river. Up feet-foremost he shot, cool, collected, unharmed. They cut his tackle off him and out he stepped, free and himself again.

"I hope the wife does not know anything about this," he said as he bustled off home to be first with the news. We hope she does.

THE OLD FOLK SO TIRED

TALE OF A REST ROOM

The Young Man Who Gave a
Shropshire Village an Idea

OTHER YOUNG MEN PLEASE FOLLOW

"He began it," says the naughty boy, trying to shift the blame on to someone else.

"He began it," says the citizen of Madeley, when a stranger speaks of the Rest Room; and this time it is credit instead of blame that is shifted. Anyone can recognise a good idea, but it takes a rare man to think of it first.

One Friday morning a young man named Robert Moore saw a number of old people hanging about wearily. Then he noticed that they were always there on Friday mornings, and he soon found out that this was the day on which the poor old folk from neighbouring villages came to Madeley Post Office to draw their Old Age Pensions. There was nowhere to sit down, and it worried the young man to think of the old folk so tired.

A Man of Limited Means

He had very limited means, but that never stops a man with a good idea, so he hired a room in Anstice Hall just opposite the post office, brought papers and magazines for the table, lit a fire, turned on a portable wireless set, and invited Old Age Pensioners to step into their rest room.

At first it was disappointing. Only one or two ventured into the room; the others were too shy. But the pioneers told them how pleasantly they would be welcomed, and soon Mr Moore was hurrying about collecting more chairs. Now there is a big gathering and an attractive programme every Friday morning.

Our Room

First comes the religious service broadcast from London at 10.15. Then follows half an hour of chat, when the pensioners exchange news and discuss politics. Afterwards someone will read poetry, or sing, or make a speech, or tell stories to amuse the company, and the morning usually ends with community singing.

No wonder that a pensioner of 83 broke into a long poem beginning:

As the week rolls round
It brings with it the happy Fri. morn,
That all we old people
Can come to our room and have a warm,
With seats all round, the wireless, and the fire.
What else is there we could desire?

Our room he wrote. Robert Moore's success lies in making the old people feel that it is *their* room, and that in an age when so much is done for youth this thing is being done for old age alone. Here no one will call them stick-in-the-muds, or say that their dearest beliefs are out of date, and no one will patronise them. When clergymen of all denominations come to the room, as they do come, it is as guests.

The Birthday Club

All sorts of things have come from these Friday gatherings. A little lending library is one; the Birthday Club, which ensures a greeting card to every pensioner on his or her birthday, is another; and there have been several outings in motor-coaches. Some of the pensioners are too ill to come to the Rest Room, so the portable wireless set goes to them, and they have many visitors whom they would never have had if there had been no weekly exchange of news in the Rest Room.

Most of these old people began by earning 4d a day, and they have worked hard all their lives. They have known many anxieties and few luxuries. It is very good to think that at a time when most people grow lonely, as friends

THE BANK THAT FAILED

A London Tradesman's Uneasy Hour

WHERE NOT TO HIDE YOUR MONEY

A London tradesman has just passed a good resolution. *He is never again going to put his money in the dustbin.*

It is probably a thing most of us have never even considered when we have been drawing up a list of good resolutions for the New Year. The dustbin is the last place we should think of keeping our money in.

That is just why this London tradesman put his there. He was going out for the evening, and having £80 from the shop could not think where to put it for safety. So he crammed it into two tobacco tins and slipped them into the last place a burglar would think of looking in, the dustbin. He had often done it before and was rather proud of his idea.

When the Bin was Empty

But this time it was not till a quarter of an hour after he had calmly watched the dustman emptying his bin and driving off with the contents that he realised he had forgotten to take out the £80.

He had one of the worst hours he can remember as he rushed to the Town Hall and waited while a message was telephoned to the borough dust shoot. There a search was made, and at last good news came through. The two tobacco tins had been found and his £80 was on its way back to him.

Then it was that this London tradesman made his good resolution, and we are in a position to tell burglars that it is no use concentrating on dustbins. They are too late.

EUROPEAN DISASTER AVERTED

Austria Saved By the Bank of England

The Bank of England has come to the rescue of Austria and saved her from a financial disaster that would have had far-reaching results.

Our Bank has lent a sum of over £4,000,000 to the Austrian Bank without any guarantee except the word of Austria that the money will be repaid from an International Loan to be issued in the next few weeks.

The cause of the trouble was the impending failure of the Credit-Anstalt, the bank controlling three-fourths of Austrian industry, and in consequence gravely affected by the general trade depression. Austria since the war has a much larger proportion of her people dwelling and working in towns than in the small area of the country left her by the Peace Treaty. The raising of tariff walls by her neighbours has made difficult the sale of her manufactures and the meeting of foreign liabilities.

Our loan will enable the Austrian Government to take steps to put its financial house in order, but the incident shows how necessary it has become for the nations to come together to re-establish the economic life of the world on a firmer and saner footing.

Continued from the previous column

of their youth die one by one, there should be brought to the survivors a new companionship and a fresh joy.

Every place has its Old Age Pensioners and every place its kind-hearted young men. It may be that the news of Madeley's Rest Room will rouse others to think of the old people.

One Friday listeners heard the B.B.C. sending good wishes to the Rest Room. The C.N. also salutes the Rest Room, wishing it many happy returns and many imitators.

GOODNESS LIVES ON

A Memory of Margaret McMillan

To many children it will long seem that Miss Margaret McMillan, who in her beautiful life did so much for them, is still a living presence.

To one boy especially it will always seem so. He is David Lymm, who came when a very delicate child to Miss McMillan's Nursery School at Deptford. His parents begged her to take him in, for they were poor people, and had six other children to care for.

She took him and became a second mother to the boy, whose weakness appealed to her tender heart. Soon David was one of her favourites, and when he was old enough to leave the nursery school she paid for his education at a boy's school at King's Langley.

He was always in her mind, and she determined that her loving care of him should not cease when she had passed on. So in her will she left £300 in trust for him, to pay for his education.

David will thus be able to go out into the world well equipped in body and mind. In his heart he will carry the memory of a loving kindness that is worth more than all else besides.

THE GREAT DEPRESSION

One Reason Why

We take these two notable expressions of opinion from the United States as having some bearing on the alarming economic situation of the world.

The blight of the business depression stretches from all quarters of the globe to every business place and every cottage door in our land.

President Hoover

In the Tariff Act recently passed in Washington 890 items were increased, affecting imports from nearly every country in the world. The Act was a blow struck by one nation at the economic stability of 60 nations. It was the blind, desperate effort of a great country to hang on to the top of the ladder by kicking at every other country.

Take the case of Switzerland, for example. She has been shipping to the United States approximately £2,200,000 worth of watches and watch movements every year. Our new Tariff Bill closed the doors of many of her factories. A handful of men, sitting around a table in Washington in an atmosphere heavy with ignorance and cigar smoke, crippled the chief industry of a country 3000 miles away.

This is not world order. It is anarchy. Even from the standpoint of our own self-interest it is catastrophe. For Switzerland was buying from us £9,000,000 worth of goods a year. With what funds will she buy from us in future, even if she now had the desire?

Raymond B. Fosdick, U.S.A.

THE CHEMIST HERO

A Very Brave Thing

A very gallant deed has been done by a chemist named Zurbriggen.

He was employed at the Lonza Chemical Works at Viège, Canton Valais, Switzerland. The other day there was an explosion, and poison gas began to pour out upon the 20 men who were at work.

Herr Zurbriggen, knowing only too well the penalty he must pay, forced his way into the room where the explosion occurred, found the leakage, and stopped it.

All the workers were saved, through the swift courage of the chemist, but he himself was so severely gassed that he died soon afterwards.

He was probably not a heroic-looking man, this chemist, and in no case can he have looked so gallant a figure as one of the heroes Don Quixote loved. But not Guy of Warwick nor Roland nor Oliver did a braver thing.

MR CHESTERTON FOUND GUILTY

PREFERRING THE PAST

The Heavy Sentence Passed by the City Recorder

TO READ EDGAR WALLACE

The C.N. does not like reporting crime, but we cannot resist the trial of Mr G. K. Chesterton.

He was accused of "perversely preferring the past to the present," and we were delighted to see him in the dock, for it gave us an opportunity of listening to one of the wittiest speeches, and hearing again his irresistible chuckle.

This was the last of the mock trials held at the London School of Economics in aid of King Edward's Hospital Fund, and it was only right that such a serious offence should be heard before the City Recorder himself.

200 Members of the Jury

Miss Winifred Holtby was the very able counsel for the prosecution, and warned the 200 members of the jury to be on their guard against the prisoner, who, she said, was an extraordinarily plausible man. The jury did their best, for had they not been told in the best court manner by the judge, the prosecutor, and even the prisoner that they were obviously the most intelligent jury that had ever tried a case?

Miss Holtby read several extracts from Mr Chesterton's writings, and announced that she had outside a pantheist full of his other books and papers, in all of which could be found his theory of a good time going.

The prisoner pleaded Not Guilty, and pointed out that it was only a very limited past that he preferred. He had never lamented the passing of the great Victorian Age. He had never written in praise of our Bluebeard Henry the Eighth. It was, indeed, only certain ideals which men had vainly striven after in the 13th century that he greatly admired in the past.

A Wise Witness

But it was no good; the judge and jury were not going to be deprived of the joy of sentencing such a prisoner. Perhaps the sentence solemnly passed on him by Sir Ernest Wild was a little heavy, for he was condemned to read every word written by Edgar Wallace and every speech made by Lord Brentford and to write another novel about Father Brown.

In the middle of all this fun one very wise word was spoken. A witness was asked to give his opinion as to whether people preferred the Middle Ages because it was then possible to live dangerously, a thing often dear to the heart of man. To this came this very wise answer from a witness:

It is possible today to live dangerously if we wish, but today, for the first time, it is possible to live peaceably if we would rather do so.

THINGS SAID

Hollywood is duller than Bloomsbury.

Mr J. B. Priestley

If one is making shoddy articles one feels shoddy.

Mr Philip Fennelly

The screen is the great crime builder of the day.

Mr G. A. Atkinson

With ten per cent of Christianity the difficulties of Disarmament would vanish.

Lord Cecil

Too long have we been satisfied with second-rate service as good enough for panel patients.

Mr F. Jordan

You may wipe out armies and navies, but without the universal will for peace there will be war.

Mr A. V. Alexander

Wherever I have gone with English patronage I have had kindness; it seemed just like heaven.

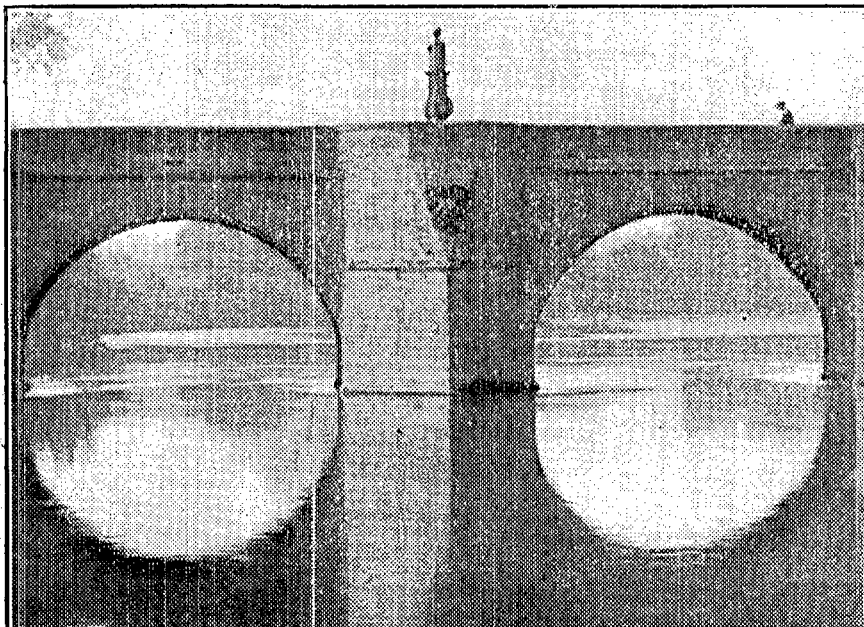
Mr Paul Robeson

July 4, 1931

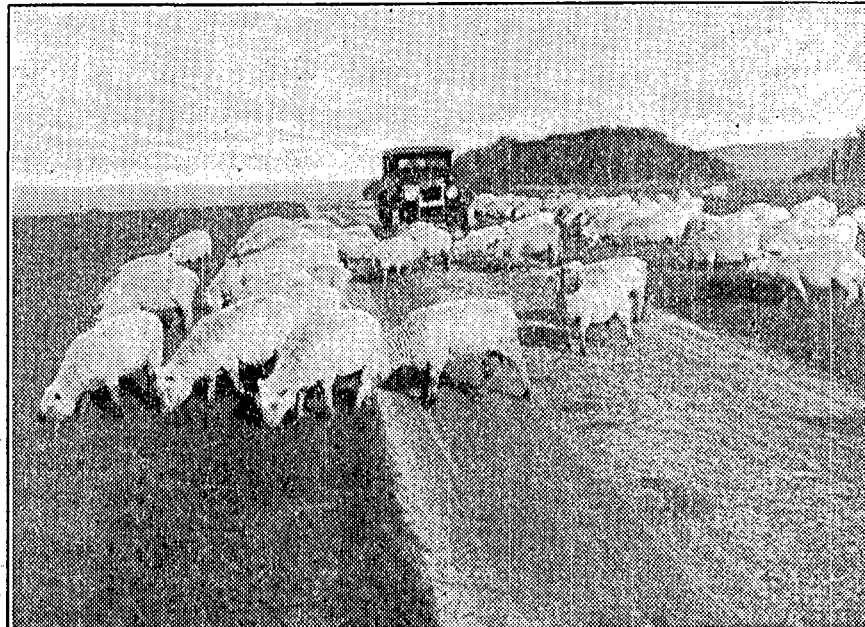
The Children's Newspaper

3

SHEEP ON THE DOWNS • AN ANCIENT BRIDGE • A TEN-HORSE TEAM



A Pair of Spectacles—Delightful views are to be obtained through the arches of this picturesque old bridge at Ross-on-Wye. Wilton Bridge, as it is called, was built in 1597, and it has been recommended for preservation by the Commission on Ancient and Historic Monuments.



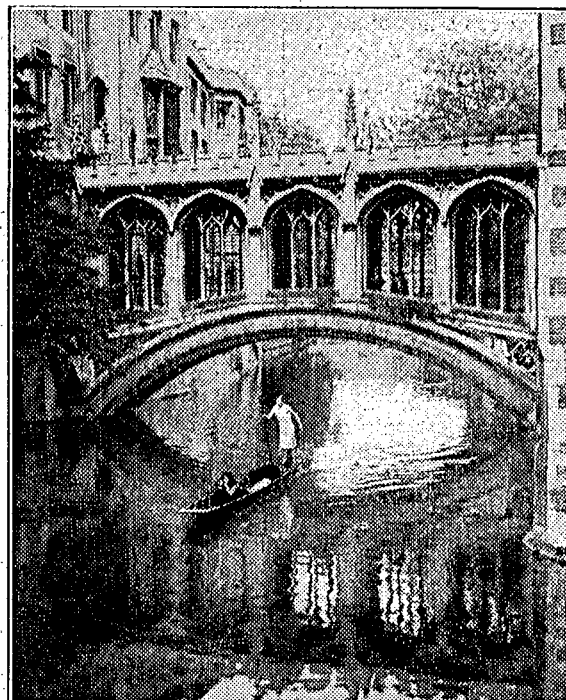
Their Right of Way—These sheep on the South Downs near Eastbourne are apparently of the opinion that their right to the Downs is greater than that of the motor-car, for they make their way across the road in their own leisurely manner.



Ten-Horse Power—Mechanical tractors have much to recommend them, but they can never provide such an impressive picture of power as this one of a team of horses hauling a tree trunk near Bristol.



Baby of the Show—Although it was the youngest exhibit at the Richmond Horse Show this month-old Shetland pony was certainly not the quietest. In fact, as our photograph suggests, it much objected to being paraded.



The Bridge of Sighs—Every visitor to Cambridge goes to see the Backs of the colleges and the Bridge of Sighs, which is the familiar name for this bridge at St John's College.



The Diver—The little son of a diver who has been giving demonstrations at Clacton-on-Sea helps Daddy to put on his helmet. Captain Smith, the diver, converses with his audience from the sea-bed by means of a microphone and loudspeaker.

THE SQUAWKIE IN THE WILDS

ANIMALS AND THEIR VOICES

Picking Them Up For the Microphone and the Film

THE SONG OF THE TOAD

The other day a man who has spent the last twenty years in South Africa was talking of his experiences.

"My work took me everywhere, into all sorts of wild spots," he said, "and a great deal of my spare time was spent in studying the animals; but here in London I have just seen more South African animals than I ever saw there."

He had paid his shilling and gone to see one of the wild animal films at the Polytechnic, and there, with hundreds of people who had never been outside England, he saw and heard many of the animals he had spent days trying to track down in South Africa.

To Be Seen at the Kinema

It is wonderful the way things come to those who wait, and by only waiting in a queue for a kinema we can now see lions creeping through the jungle, bears stealing wild honey, or crocodiles sunning themselves—and not only see them but hear them!

But to get these wild actors to pose and talk naturally before the camera and the microphone is not easy, and some of their low notes, such as the bass of a tiger's roar, are very hard to reproduce.

Yet Mr George Dyott has just returned from India having succeeded in making sound pictures of barking deer, screeching peacocks, growling Himalayan bears, monkeys, and many jungle fowl.

With animals in captivity it is a little easier, and Dr Raymond Ditmars, curator of the New York Zoo, has lately made his charges go through a talking screen test. He found that the rattlesnake had the best speaking voice, while the lion had the poorest. The insect sounds reproduce very well, while the monkeys prove to be natural film comedians. They will talk right into the microphone, and their intonation is so good that their voices reproduce perfectly.

A Tremendous Roar

The doctor's way of getting the tiger or the lion to roar is simple. A large meaty bone with a long wire attached to it is thrown to the animal. While it is half-way through its meal, just thinking what a particularly good bone it is, the wire is jerked. A tremendous roar of indignation always follows, and is picked up by the hidden microphone.

The elephant speaks usually in little squealing sounds, or in loud trumpets when it is excited. With the captive elephant the microphone is placed in a pail and the animal puts his trunk down into it, talking away to the keeper, who seems to be able to keep up his end of the conversation.

To persuade the tree toad, with his two-inch throat to sing for the talkies every known trick was tried in vain. At last four men started to file on pieces of brass, producing an ear-piercing racket. It was irresistible to the toad, who at once showed a desire to join in the chorus. His throat began to swell, the men stopped filing, and his shrill, deafening song was successfully recorded.

THE BIGGEST COIN

The largest coin in the world has just been sold in London.

It is a copper plate, ten inches in diameter, issued by Frederick of Hesse-Cassel in 1731, and worth twelve shillings. It realised £3 15s.

IMAGINARY VOYAGE OF AN APPLE

What Happens To It In Crossing the World

FROM AUSTRALIA TO ENGLAND IN KENT

That attractive modern building at East Malling in Kent, the world's largest experimental cold-storage chamber, familiar to readers of the C.N., claims as its latest achievement the condensing of the odour of apples to a clear liquid at a temperature of 270 degrees Fahrenheit below zero.

When a sufficient supply of this liquid has been obtained it is split up into its several components. It is claimed that the substances in the vapour given off by the apples determine the flavour of the fruit, but the apples themselves are damaged by it.

Cold Storage for Transport

Actually the odour of apples, in a confined space, has the effect of browning the surface of the fruit, thereby reducing considerably its market value. The Malling station is chiefly concerned in the aspects of the problem affecting cold storage for transport. The experimental work is carried out principally in a new cold-storage chamber which contains 112 tons of apples, valued at £3000. The chamber is really a full-size model of a ship's hold, and is equipped with no fewer than 200 electrical thermometers with which the temperature of any part of the hold can be accurately recorded on a single instrument outside the chamber. Outside the hold is a second chamber, the temperature and atmospheric conditions of which can also be controlled.

Climatic Changes Reproduced

Thus, without leaving East Malling, a consignment of apples can be taken through the exact set of conditions which would be met with on a six-weeks voyage from Australia to England. The hold is maintained, as in a ship, between 36 and 40 degrees, and the temperature of the outer chamber is varied to reproduce the effect of the changing climate on the vessel as it passes through differing latitudes. Both the hold and the outer chamber are as nearly as possible airtight. The voyage is a constant battle between the refrigerating engines and the apples.

Apples in storage constantly produce heat, which, in turn, generates an odour. The refrigerating engines are constantly removing heat from the hold at East Malling, where scientists are studying the whole life of various kinds of apples during their experimental voyage.

THE LITTLE SHIP COMES TUMBLING DOWN

Children living on the Ile-des-Moines, off the coast of Brittany, have lately been given a great treat.

Ever since they can remember, and years before that, a model of a beautiful ship has been hanging in the church, high above their heads. Often during the service their eyes would stray to it, and they would long, just for once, to be able to see it quite close and touch it.

That once has just happened. The chain broke and their lovely ship came tumbling down! It was not much hurt, but before hanging it up again one of the fishermen gave it a new coat of paint and some new rigging.

The children crowded round and soon knew every line and spar of their beloved ship by heart.

This one is a model of a French man-of-war of the time of Trafalgar, and nearly all the village churches round the Breton coast have just such a little ship hanging from the rafters, often made by the sailors as a thank-offering for a safe return from some terrible storm at sea.

THE FIRST CLOWN IN THE CLOUDS

The Artist in the Zeppelin

The first stage performance in an airship has just been given by Germany's famous musical clown Herr Dücker. One who was in the Graf Zeppelin over Friedrichshaven when the clown gave a performance 5000 feet up sends this note of it to The Times.

We were sitting at dinner, and quite casually Von Schiller, the airship pilot, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have a little surprise for you and beg you to take your seats all together on one side of the saloon."

The steward cleared away and everybody looked expectantly at the door leading to the cabins. The door opened and in tripped a clown in such a comic suit that we all burst into roars of laughter. Then this artist undressed, which took a very long time on account of his twenty-five waistcoats. In between he played all sorts of musical instruments in a masterly manner and, accompanying himself, surprised us at the end with a wonderfully well-trained baritone voice which turned suddenly into soprano.

The performance lasted perhaps half an hour. It seemed far too short to us, and it turned out that the artist had begun his performance at a moment when two thunderstorms were looming up, one to port and the other to starboard, between which Dr Eckener steered with his usual skill. Each of the passengers received a souvenir from Herr Dücker in the form of a little mouth-organ.

UGLINESS ON A BEAUTY MARCH

The Good Deed of a Bad Joke

The ugliest thing in England is on a Beauty March.

Mr Epstein's Genesis is drawing in the sixpences wherever it goes. It left its home in Leicester Square for Leicester, and there had a great success. No household was content that had not caught sight of this nightmare in stone that will shatter any dream of beauty.

Where Leicester led Liverpool followed, and after Liverpool hard-headed Preston. Cambridge, the home of poet songsters, could not resist the creature. We suppose it was that Genesis had to be seen to be believed.

Let us, nevertheless, give even Genesis its due. The money the sight of the image has brought in has been given to the preservation of famous buildings.

Leicester's contributions were returned in order to help the fund for the preservation of the Guildhall, where Simon de Montfort presided over one of England's first parliaments. Liverpool's Bluecoat School profited by £800 raised by Genesis, and Preston was helped out of the takings to keep up Arkwright's old workshop.

But most is due to the insight and generosity of Mr Alfred Bosson, the architect, who bought Genesis and sent it on its travels. His insight was shown by his perception that it is better to be ugly than unknown, and that people will pay to see anything they suspect of being horrifying enough.

The only doubt is whether the end justifies the means when we consider what a painful sight the populace were invited to behold. Barnum's freaks were beauty itself compared with it.

GLIDING ACROSS THE CHANNEL

The first crossing of the English Channel by glider has been made by Mr Lissant Beardmore, a Canadian. On the following day an Austrian pilot Robert Kronfeld, made the journey from France to England in a glider and after alighting returned to France. In both cases the gliders were towed by aeroplanes to considerable heights at the start and were then released.

LONDON'S LAST FARM?

COUNTRY PASSING FROM THE TOWN

The Old Lady and Her Cow Near Charing Cross

WHAT GRANDFATHER REMEMBERS

Just beyond the edge of Hampstead, toward Cricklewood, stands all that remains of perhaps the last farm still existing within five miles of Charing Cross, and it is doomed.

It used to be called Cowhouse Farm and now rather prosily is called Avenue Farm. A farmstead has been there since the 14th century.

Piece by piece the old place has gone. The University College Playing Fields now stretch over its acres. The ruthless modern roadmaking has demolished the carriage gates and drive. The tiled barns of the old farmyard and an old cottage were destroyed last year, and now all that is left of this farm which was once part of a manor that was held "by the service of a rose" and has had its place in many historic documents is to pass away. It is inevitable, but we cannot let it go without a sigh.

Happy Childhood Memories

Bravely it held out against the changes of modern London. There are plenty of young people today who helped the farmer to make hay and pretended not to be frightened by the geese that mounted guard over the farm gate. They can remember the open land which changed after the death of the farmer of their childhood, and they will never forget that the lopped elms of Farm Avenue once made a magnificent unbroken shade over the lane leading from the road to the farm.

People who think of London as so many square miles of houses, public buildings, and shops wrapped in a pall of greyness, bustle, and noise would be surprised to know how many scraps of the real country are cherished in the capital. Our fathers can remember paying toll over London Bridge; people still pay toll before they can drive down a certain road in Dulwich.

Delicious Curds and Whey

We have seen sheep grazing in Hyde Park often enough. We can remember the old lady and her cow in St James's Park in the days when the park was wilder than it is now. She kept a stall under a tree near where the Horse Guards Parade now is, and the cow grazed close by. For a penny we could get (actually within a minute or so from Charing Cross) a cup of delicious curds and whey (they call it junket now), and the old lady would remind us that the stall had been in her family since the days of the first real changes in London, those that followed the Great Fire.

The stall was only abolished a few years ago, when they tidied up the rough roads and made the park grand. We have often thought that a small memorial to many generations of service ought to be set where the old lady sat under her tree.

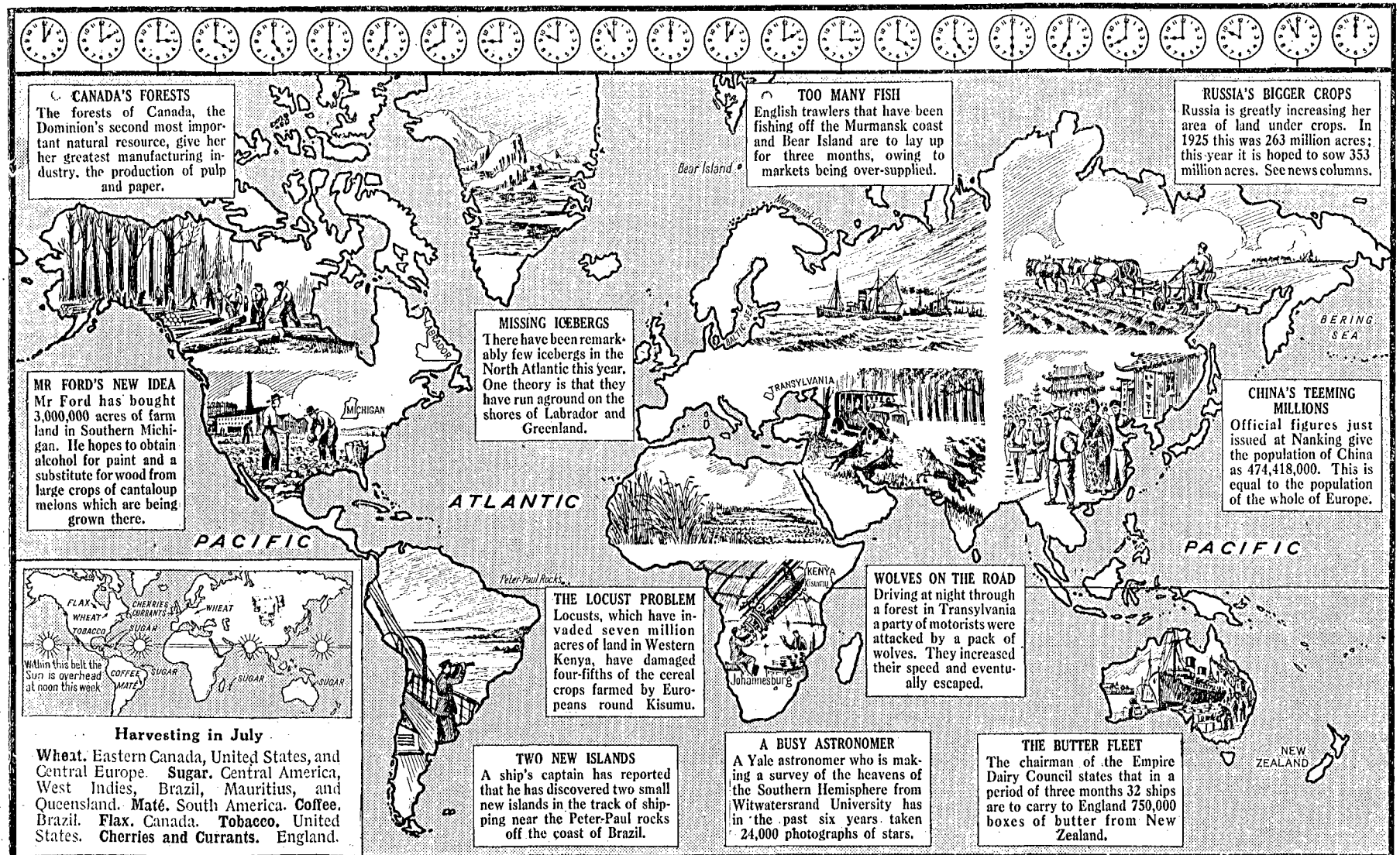
WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS

England has now her first smoke indicator for air pilots.

There are many types, but most are so big that they must be installed too high to be of practical use.

Hanworth Park Aerodrome has an ingenious one, built on the ground. It is a triple oil burner with an iron plate on the top. Oil constantly drips on to this hot plate, making a white smoke curl, which escapes through a special funnel. Currents of air on the landing-ground move the smoke column about, and the pilot can see their direction at once as he lands.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



ETON AND BETHNAL GREEN

The Man Who Was Educated in Both LORD WENLOCK'S WORK IS DONE

Lord Wenlock of the East End has passed on from his work.

He came from an old Shropshire family, but he belonged to Bethnal Green and Hackney, where he spent the best 30 years of his life.

No one can have loved country pursuits and horsemanship more than Algernon George Lawley, and the beautiful scenery round his home was very dear to him; but he gave all these things up to live among the poorest people in the dreariest streets. That he helped to make life better for them was plain when he retired, and a chorus of tributes rose from mayors and ministers of all denominations.

One pleasant thing to be remembered about him is that he resigned a West-End living after only three years, though he had sustained the far harder work of livings in Bethnal Green and Hackney for ten times as long. Perhaps the West End seemed unreal to him after the East End.

Not long afterwards he succeeded to the title, and went home to look after the estate. He was over 60, and his health had been bad for some time. He had earned a right to enjoy the country life he loved. Now the squire is dead, but the East End curate will live on in men's memories for the sake of many an act of kindness in dark hours.

Lord Wenlock was an engaging mixture of earnestness and humour. Perhaps he owed his charm to the fact that he was educated at Eton, Trinity College, Cambridge, and Bethnal Green.

To C.N. Motorists
Do Not Buy Petrol
From Ugly Stations

ONE THING YOU CAN DO Why Not a Book or Two?

The night has a thousand eyes, said the poet, but it seems that there are no more stars in the sky than good works in this land of ours.

The other day a lad was carried into hospital suffering from a severe motor-cycle accident. When he became conscious and realised that he would be in hospital a long time, he began to worry at the thought that he would not pass a very important examination.

"But why not?" said Nurse.

All the expensive technical books he required were supplied to him, and he passed well.

The books were sent by the Red Cross Library. Nobody need be pining for a book in the 2000 hospitals supplied by the library. About 190,000 books and magazines are poured out every year, but the library needs more. As we stated the other day, its address is 48, Queen's Gardens, London, W.2.

A TRICYCLE ADVENTURE Strange Ride 50 Years Ago

About fifty years ago a man mounted a strange-looking tricycle in Emsworth and rode off to London.

From there he rode to Canterbury, and finally to Dover. At Dover he did something to the "split" wheels, and the tricycle became a boat, on which he pushed off to France. It was not a very comfortable voyage, but at last he got ashore at Cape Grisnez, so tired that he fell helpless to the ground. But he soon recovered, mounted his machine again, and eventually reached Paris.

Mr William Terry was the hero of this adventure and the inventor of the Amphibian, which carried him equally well on land or water. He has lately died at Havant in Hampshire.

FREEZING LIGHT A Remarkable Experiment

A remarkable experiment was carried out the other day in which phosphorescent light was preserved by freezing.

It is well known that cathode rays cause certain substances to glow brightly. These substances are coated on cardboard and used as what are termed fluorescent screens. One of these screens was made to glow brightly by bombardment with cathode rays, and was then packed in liquid air and carried from Schenectady to New York. When unpacked it had ceased to glow, but as it warmed up to the temperature of the room the phosphorescent light returned.

The experiment does not really show that light can be frozen, but that a chemical substance which glows on being excited with cathode rays can have its glow bottled up, as it were, by keeping it at a sufficiently low temperature, and that the glow can be brought to life again by warmth.

THE INVISIBLE RAY Controlling Traffic in Park Lane

Invisible rays striking an electric eye are to be used to control traffic in and out of the garage at the new Dorchester Hotel in Park Lane, London.

The garage is under the hotel, and is reached by a steep and bending roadway only wide enough for one car at a time. A system of controlling the traffic has been arranged so that if a car is leaving the garage it intercepts a beam of invisible rays falling on a selenium cell which causes a signal to warn an incoming car at the top of the road.

THE DUSTBINS Dear Westminster City Council

On these lovely summer evenings it is necessary that the dustbins should be for hours staring at us on the pavements, the litter often scattered about, even under the very walls of the King's Palace?
One of your citizens

MOTHER POULARD AND HER OMELETTES

The Friend of the Pilgrim

Mère Poulard knew how to make an omelette; and it seemed to her a pity, when one was at it, not to make the best possible omelette.

Because she felt that way about her work her death, which took place the other day at the age of eighty, is being mourned in many corners of the globe.

No pilgrim for fifty years has set out for the impressively lonely monastery of Mont St Michel, off the coast of France just where Brittany and Normandy meet, without being told by some friend not to fail to go to good Mother Poulard's and order one of her omelettes, the best in the world.

They were made before your very eyes; nothing went into them, so far as anyone could ever see, but the freshest of eggs and salt, cooked over an open fire in plenty of butter. But somehow Mère Poulard managed to put something into her omelettes which spread her fame round the travelling world.

Her loss is mourned, her name is honoured by all who have ever been to her inn. A simple, motherly soul, who liked to minister to the needs of her household, she opened the doors of her humble kitchen many years ago to the wayfarer in this lonely place, and now that she has gone it is felt that she helped to increase her country's reputation, as well as to build up a memory in the hearts of all who passed that way.

There are now about 70,000 British boys in the Church Lads Brigade.

Five million gallons less milk was drunk in the United States last April compared with April 1930.

A new street which has cost £145,000 has been opened in Coventry.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 4

1931

The Magic Teapot

EVERY day every one of us in England drinks five cups of tea. That is the average of our tea-drinking.

The triumph of what has been called the cup that cheers but does not inebriate has meant the downfall of beer, which is no longer consumed in the enormous quantities that were called for even twenty years ago.

Could we have greater proof of the social advance? Many people now living can recall that when they were children it was a common sight to see a drunken man in our streets. Now one may go for months without seeing that unhappy sight.

This decline of drinking has so disturbed the brewers that we see a great campaign for restoring the beer barrel to its old supremacy over the teapot. We think it will utterly fail.

Time was when those engaged in business in London were ill-provided for and the bar was the chief place of refreshment. The teashop has changed all that. Today the young clerk is able to get a cheap cup of tea or a good cup of coffee in comfortable surroundings.

The growth of the tea habit is interesting for another reason. It points not only to an increase in sobriety but to the increased cultivation of the tea plant.

Although tea-drinking has grown so rapidly the world's tea gardens have grown more rapidly still, with the result that at present tea is more abundant than ever. In the old days it would have been thought that such an increase of demand would have led to a great rise in the price of tea, but in actual fact it has been proved possible to extend cultivation so greatly that it has more than kept pace with increased tea-drinking. Not only do India and Ceylon produce more tea, but Java and Sumatra have now great exports.

In the last thirty years the production of tea in India and Ceylon has grown from 340 million pounds to 650 millions, and the Dutch East Indies have made a corresponding growth. Last year we actually imported nearly 550 million pounds of tea!

Curiously, the American people prefer coffee to tea; if they became tea-drinkers like ourselves the probability is that there would be a considerable increase in price, for America has now nearly three times as many people as we have.

There are people who urge that in Britain we do not drink enough coffee, and we are inclined to agree with them. It is a harmless, refreshing, and helpful beverage. We need not fear that it will outrival tea, but there is no reason why it should not be more popular.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Two Facts

Two facts stand out about our vast army of idle people.

One is that the number of unemployed boys and girls under 18 equals the size of the British Army.

The other is that the total number of our unemployed, with those dependent on them, equals the population of Australia.

It may be beyond the resources of party politics, but we do not believe it is beyond the resources of civilisation to find work for these people.

A Bright Boy For the Cabinet?

THE village cricketer and the Boy Scout are to have their lorry again. Such is the decision of the Minister of Transport who, after last year's Road Traffic Bill had become law, has been brought to realise how hardly one of its provisions would bear on Scouts and Guides in search of their camps, schoolchildren on the way to their annual treat, and village cricket teams. The lorries could not take them without taking out an expensive licence.

Therefore a short amending Act is to be passed to let the lorries go free. It will be a short Act but not cheap.

It never occurred to one of our 600 M.P.s that the Road Traffic Act, as passed, would rob village greens of cricket teams and camps of Scouts, so that more precious money of the taxpayer must now be spent on remedying their forgetfulness.

Would it not be cheaper to adopt the C.N. idea of putting a bright schoolboy in the Cabinet?

We Have to Say

FOR many years business men have been severely criticised for the use of such expressions as

Replying to your favour,

Assuring you of our best attention,

Your esteemed favour of the 16th inst., without which, it appears, no business could possibly be transacted through the post. That blameless institution the Civil Service has also incurred rebuke for the use of stilted expressions such as *I have to say*. It now appears that many business houses are becoming heartily ashamed of their parrot phrases and are copying the stilted formality of the Civil Service.

We have quite recently seen letters from three business sources all beginning with "In reply to your letter of . . . I have to say." What can possibly be the matter with them, to be thus driven to such an extremity as to *have to*? What in the world prevents them from plunging immediately into their subject matter? The typewriters wear out, the carbons waste, and millions of minutes of good secretarial time are consumed in trying to decorate a language which is supremely capable of simplicity.

In the Rue Lafayette

Is this not a good little picture of life as it goes on all over the world?

IN the Rue Lafayette the hotel porters are sorrowfully informing the English visitors that the traffic in Paris is getting worse and worse.

In the Rue Lafayette the tradespeople are always busy ironing hats for gentlemen, selling baby kinemas, doing a thousand things.

In the Rue Lafayette there is not much pause from morning till night in the noise of traffic passing by.

In the Rue Lafayette, nevertheless, a fair-haired English lad the other day found his chance of telling a rosy English girl that he loved her; and they went on their way between the excited French crowds, looking the romantic Devonshire they were.

Tip-Cat

YOUR dog's behaviour reflects your own manners, says a writer. Or reflects on them.

A FASHION writer declares that dresses will be spotted this summer. It will be easy to spot them.

A PRINTING office reminds a certain writer of a battleship. Perhaps he feels all at sea in it.

SOME cows refused to fight at a spectacle in Switzerland. Filled with the milk of human kindness no doubt.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If leather from banana skins is only for slippers

very much money, after all. But all are after it.

AIR pilots are always talking of their machines. They are taken up with them.

AN M.P. believes a policy of give-and-take is good. Depends who does the taking.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

£50,000 in Savings Certificates has been distributed by Cadbury's among their workpeople to celebrate the firm's centenary.

A GENTLEMAN of Hampshire has left £600, a cottage, and a garden to his servant's widow.

A LONDON business man has given £15,000 for a new telescope at Greenwich.

JUST AN IDEA

When we complain of how little the world has done for us it is as well to stop and consider what we have done for the world.

John Clare of the Countryside

AMONG the poets who have sung of our countryside there is a place of honour for poor John Clare. He also wrote some sketches of his boyhood, which, thanks to Mr Edmund Blunden, the poet of our own day, we can now read for the first time.

John Clare lived to become a friend of Charles Lamb and his circle, but he began life in a labourer's cottage in Helpstone, a village not far from the Lincolnshire fens. His mother could not read a word, but his father could manage a little of the Bible, an old ballad, or one of those tales hawked from door to door, and though they were very poor they did their best to give John a little schooling. Whenever he could be spared he would go to learn reading and writing.

Learning to Read

From the age of ten the boy helped his father in his work on a farm. For about three months a year he went to school, and then the table was covered in the evening with pens and paper and a few books. At first he had to be content with Cinderella and Red Riding Hood, sold by the hawkers, and for paper he used old sugar bags.

But John Clare was a poet. From his early days he would sing to himself as he walked down the lanes, sometimes breaking into muttered rhymes. His companions could not understand or see the beauty he saw in wild flowers and animals. He was very much alone.

One day when he was thirteen a new experience came to him; he read some lines of Thomson's Seasons, and his heart twittered with joy. Hearing that he could buy the poem at Stamford for 1s 6d he set off at once. He arrived before the shop was open, and was delighted to find the book was only a shilling.

It was a beautiful morning. "I could not wait till I got back," he wrote, "and as I did not like to let anybody see me reading on the road on a working day I climbed over the wall into Burghley Park and nestled in a lawn at the wall side." All around was the beauty of the park and in his heart was echoed the music of the poem. By the time John Clare reached home words and thoughts were surging in his brain. For the first time he sat down and wrote his first poem.

The Morning Walk

The poem was The Morning Walk, but he corrected it many times before it was published. To keep this and his other poems safely his mother bought him a box with a lock and key; but later, though she owned it was better than spending money on beer, she advised him to leave off writing and buy no more books. As well tell a robin on the bough to stop singing.

No one can read without sympathy of this village boy who won, like Robert Burns, a place among the great poets.

ONE MORE PIECE OF OLD ENGLAND SAFE

THE CHAINED LIBRARY AT HEREFORD

How They Kept Their Books in the Old Days

A LABOUR OF LOVE

A long labour of love and ingenuity has been finished at Hereford.

The old chained library has been put back in its place and now can be seen as it was when it was set up in the Cathedral Lady Chapel 300 years ago, about the same time that Sir Thomas Bodley caused the chained library to be made in Duke Humphrey's room at the Bodleian in Oxford.

This is indeed a treasure, one of those inheritances of the past that make the soil of England, so to speak, so rich. The work has been superintended by Canon Streeter and the expense most nobly borne by Mr H. C. Moffatt, of Salisbury.

Strange Things to Think About

A visitor can walk by these presses, as the bookcases were called, and know that each of the 1482 chains is exactly as it was when the book was first put in its place. The visitor can ponder on strange things—that until 1700 all library furniture was made on the model of chained libraries; that all over England there were chained libraries, and fragments of many still exist. Perhaps the strangest thing is to realise how long the habit held. At Chetham Hospital, Manchester, books were still chained in 1742, at the Bodleian in 1751, at other Oxford libraries in 1790, at King's Library, Cambridge, in 1777.

As changes came with the changing times and libraries increased and the conditions for students altered it was inevitable that the chains should be removed, and it was quite natural that no one should think the material worthy of preservation. There are always things in a library that must be denounced as litter and from time to time removed, just as a housewife is driven to make a periodical clearance or else build a room on the house to store lumber in. The result is, that in many churches and libraries in England there are a few chains left, but not the complete fittings.

A True Tale of Adventure

The reassembling of the parts of Hereford Chained Library is a true tale of adventure. In 1841 the bookcases were taken to pieces and used elsewhere. Twelve years later someone discovered that a mistake had been made. Such of the bookcases as could be found, sadly mutilated, were put back, but not properly put together. When the present work of restoring began it was determined that the library parts should be reassembled as they were in 1590. This meant much knowledge on the part of the leader of the campaign and much patience in his helpers. Pieces of the bookcases were found all over the church, which was searched yard by yard.

The original seats for readers had been joined together as pews in the transepts. Part of a bookcase had been made into a surplice-hanging cupboard in a vestry. Another part had been turned into a carpenter's bench.

A Marvellous Jig-Saw Puzzle

Day by day trifles were found. An original desk-hinge was discovered in two pieces on different days. In one bright hour 14 original desk brackets were found. When the work began it was hoped to reassemble four bookcases. In the end seven were finished.

Mercifully, most of the manuscripts and some of the old books had never been deprived of their chains. Hanging from the ceiling were 1000 chains in

THE WAVING GIRL OF SAVANNAH

It is 41 years since the men on a boat entering the Savannah River saw a young girl waving to them from a cottage on a small island. They waved back. When the ship had unloaded they sailed out to sea, and there was the girl again, waving to them as they passed.

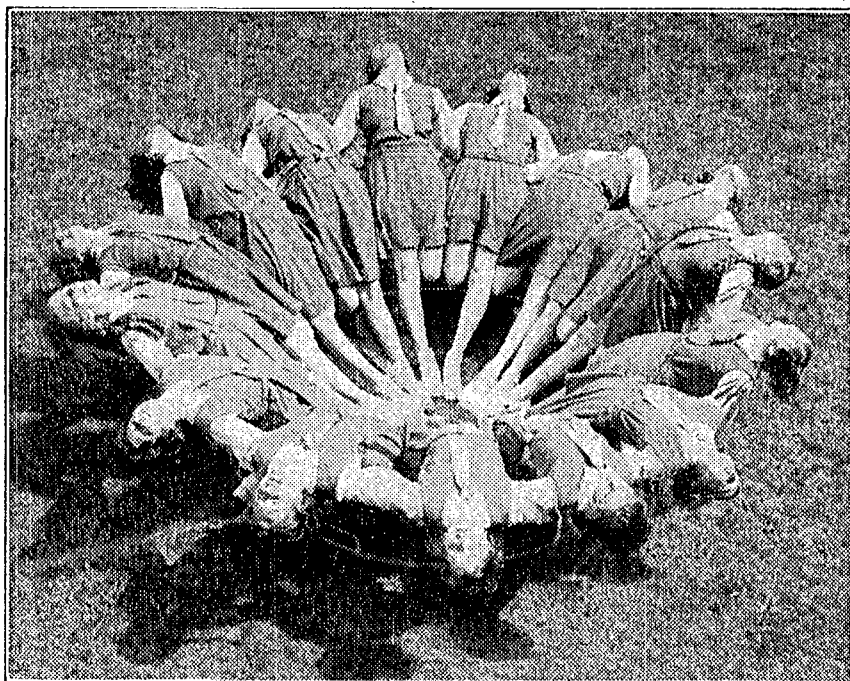
Florence Martus was only 19 when she went to live on this lonely Elba Island with her brother, the keeper of the lights along the Savannah channel. She is over 60 now, but she is still known as the Waving Girl of Savannah, for she has lived on that island all these years and not a ship has passed up or down without a greeting from her. At night she would wave a lighted lantern and by day it was her custom to wave

a white cloth. All the seafaring men knew her, and those who asked the meaning of the signals from the island were told a tragic little story of how, a short time after her arrival on the island, she heard that her sailor sweetheart had been drowned at sea.

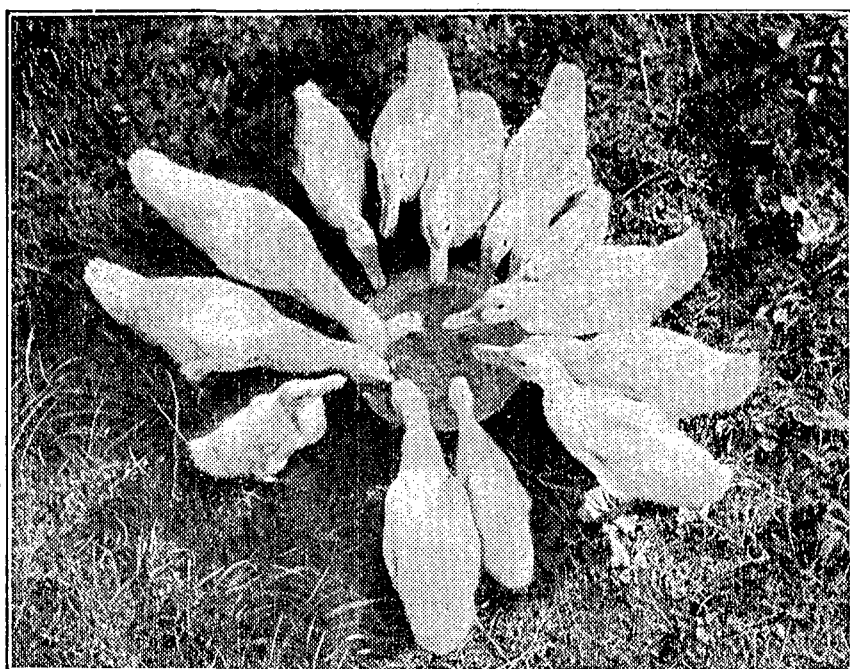
She is thinking of him when she waves to us, they would say.

But now sailors will look in vain for a friendly wave as they sail up the river. Florence Martus has left the island, for her brother has retired and they have both gone to live in Savannah. No longer will steamers sound their whistles three times in response to her greeting, or sailing vessels dip their flags as they pass the tiny cottage on the river's edge.

ALL DUCKS



Fifteen Ducks



Thirteen Ducks

The C.N. has twice mistaken geese for ducks, and it much wishes it could do it again. But we fear the lower ring is made up of ducks, and we are certain of the upper ring. So that we present these rings of ducks to our readers.

Continued from the previous column

rows. The greatest task was finding the brass clips which were used to fasten the chains to the books, for each was separately made and no two were alike. There was great joy in the library one day when it was discovered that the brass clips taken from the books when the bulk of the library was unchained had been tossed into an old box, and no one had troubled to throw them away!

This marvellous jig-saw puzzle is finished, and now, for as long as Hereford Cathedral endures, another fragment of Old England is secure.

A LONG LOST PICTURE

The Curator of the Cathedral at Vienna was hunting through a mass of rubbish in a room up in the spire not long ago.

Under some old beams he found a large roll which proved to be a picture once forming the cathedral altar-piece, lost for 250 years. It was painted by Johann Spillenberger in 1672 before the Turks were driven from Austria.

It is a picture of the Virgin, and, after being restored, has been put on a special stand near the altar.

THE POOR MAN'S FAIR

A JOLLY TIME IN PARIS

Great Festival of Things of the Past

ALL THE FUN OF THE SHOW

By One Who Was There

*Purse in the pocket, stick in the hand,
I'm ready to go to the Fair.*

So sang the poor twisted poet Scarron round about the middle of the sixteen hundreds, and so said the Parisian the other day setting out for the same fair, the Fair of St Germain in the Place de Saint-Sulpice, on the same site where this fair stood surrounded by green fields as long ago as the twelfth century.

The fair has had a chequered career, patronised by noblemen and kings, then closed for its disorderly conduct; frequented as one of the great marts of Europe by merchants from England, Holland, Germany, Arabia, and India, then burned to the ground and its medieval splendour destroyed for ever.

People of Goodwill

After having been closed for more than a century it was reopened after the war, no longer under the auspices of the Church or under authority from the king, but representing the joint effort of certain merchants, ladies, and people of goodwill who, by reviving this custom of the past, saw in it a way to raise the money they need to help their neighbours in distress.

It was really wonderful how everyone entered into the spirit of the thing, writes our Paris correspondent. Students designed the wall and Gothic booths. Merchants dressed in the costumes of the Middle Ages and brought their antique pieces to take part in this delightful bit of neighbourhood play-acting.

At the entrance a jester sat on his feet atop a table, with a crowd of speechless boys around him, doing tricks. To the left were rough tables and old benches of a tavern with sky for roof, and a sign which read: "Icy a 15 heures je chante." It was not fifteen o'clock, but by way of good measure a man in a many-coloured doublet and hose was singing all the same.

The Booth for Birds

The proprietor of the adjoining booth poked a little joke at his sign, saying "Icy tout chante." It was the booth of birds for sale. There were two magnificent parrots of royal blue with perfect buttons of yellow feathers round the black dots of their eyes, and beside them was a big cage of tiny birds no bigger than my thumb. This was in the Singing Magpie Street.

Most of the streets were lined with little shops from which spilled out upon the pavement a thousand lovely souvenirs of the centuries. Things someone loved some centuries ago were displayed there under the green light of the great trees. As one passed one felt their pleasure in this festival.

The Court of Miracles

As the first rhinoceros to be shown in Paris made its debut here, the fair kept up the tradition of the animals in the Court of Miracles of which Victor Hugo wrote; and as the famous Opéra Comique had its beginnings here the open-air stage followed in its footsteps by giving historical plays written for the occasion, with old French songs between the acts in which the Assistance, as the French call their audience, joined.

*Chair-men go carefully,
Show me everything,
Don't miss anything,
I want to see all that is here,*

sang Scarron. The visitor today went on foot, not in a Sedan chair, but he went in the same mood, and was well rewarded; and this year, at any rate, the fair has been a jolly event, held and enjoyed in good spirits by all.

AN ARCHITECT'S BIG CHANCE

HOME FOR LONDON
UNIVERSITY

Magnificent Scheme For a
Magnificent Site

A 30-YEARS WORK

One of the greatest adventures in the history of British architecture, perhaps the greatest since Wren began to rebuild the City, is about to open. London University is to be built at last.

The choice of architect has fallen on Mr Charles Holden, a Bolton man who worked in Manchester and came to London about 30 years ago.

Mr Holden has been responsible for many buildings of great beauty and distinction in various parts of the country. London will always know him for the grand mass of offices at St James's Park Underground Station, spoiled only by the atrocities of Mr Epstein. The R.I.B.A. gave Mr Holden its London Architecture Medal for it.

A Stupendous Undertaking

The new university buildings will extend over a great area, from the British Museum northward to the Euston Road. The work, to begin next year, will take from 20 to 30 years and cost about three million pounds.

Most universities grow up piecemeal, college by college. This university is to be built practically all at once, to be the centre for King's College, Bedford College, and other institutions existing under the technical head of the University of London. It is a stupendous undertaking for one architect, but he will have a really satisfactory new building for one near neighbour, the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine in Keppel Street and Malet Street, which has one of the loveliest doorways in England. The other neighbour, the British Museum, gives the site distinction before a stone is laid.

A Great Deal to Think About

There is, indeed, a great deal for Mr Holden to think about. He has to deal not so much in rooms as in colleges, institutes, schools, a University Hall to seat 2500, a library, a Faculty club, chambers for the junior staff, and residence for students. These have all to be grouped in a long, narrow mass dictated by the shape of the site and surmounted by a central tower. And the authorities insist that there is to be room for gardens and green things, so that in a few generations there will be another verdant oasis in Central London, like Lincoln's Inn and the Temple.

The actual site—a matter of great interest to Londoners—is bounded by Montague Place on the south (the Museum boundary), Malet Street on the west, Torrington Place and Byng Place on the north, Russell Square, Upper Montague Street, and Woburn Square on the east. Torrington Square, standing in the middle of the site, is to be swallowed, but not whole, as long leases protect certain houses to the north.

A Lovely Thoroughfare

The building is to begin at the southern end, from Montague Place, and slowly creep up to its far boundary. That lovely, short, wide thoroughfare known as British Museum Avenue is to be closed to the public and will reappear in due course as part of the university.

On this first area will probably rise the administrative offices of the university, the library, University Hall, Institute of Historical Research, the O.T.C. headquarters, and the Courtauld Institute of Art. A certain amount of money is forthcoming to warrant the beginning of the labour. The L.C.C. has made a grant of £250,000 and the Goldsmiths Company has given £50,000 to the university library. The Courtauld

PUSSY OF PENNSYLVANIA

Collars For Cats?

In America, the Land of Liberty, a step has been taken which no cat can afford to disregard.

Every cat in Pennsylvania will have to wear a collar engraved with its name and address or take the consequences. There are some pussies that regard these badges of servitude with indifference, or submit to them as one of life's little burdens.

But it is not to be denied that collars are an infringement of the liberty of the subject. No cat that has been accustomed to walk by itself can feel the same with a collar round its neck.

In the wild wet woods where, according to Mr Kipling, the cat that walks alone finds its spiritual home, a collar is an embarrassment.

It may become entangled in twigs or branches, and be even a danger.

Moreover, it is hard to see how any human being, not to speak of any cat, is to profit by the collar. If a cat does not feel at home no amount of calling will ever persuade it to come near enough to be identified even when its name is on its collar.

From no point of view can this naming and addressing be regarded without suspicion. The cat cannot like it. The cat's owner may be sure that it is the first step to taxing the cat.

Such taxation cannot be defended, for it would result in fewer cats, and though the cat that walks in company at night is a minstrel that not all admire, every statistician can prove that if there were fewer cats the mice population would become unmanageable.

OF COURSE I HAVE

Bien Sûr Que Oui

In the old coaching days many travellers coveted the seats by the side of the coachman, who often beguiled the tediousness of the journey by his wit.

A well-known professor was once journeying from Lyons to Valence in this manner. After a few casual remarks about the weather, the condition of the crops, the fitness of his horses, and the unfitness of his enemy the guard, the coachman suddenly turned to him and said:

"I have a coin two hundred years old. Have you ever seen a coin two hundred years old, sir?"

"*Bien sûr que oui* (of course I have)," answered the professor with a smile. "I have one two thousand years old!"

"Ah! indeed," growled the coachman. "You say you have a coin two thousand years old, do you?"

For a long time he did not speak, but when the coach reached the relay, where horses were to be changed, he suddenly turned upon the professor and said with a grin: "You said you had a coin two thousand years old."

"I did," said the professor, somewhat startled.

"Well," said the coachman, shaking his head, "it isn't true."

"It isn't true!" exclaimed the professor, aghast.

"*Bien sûr que non!* (of course not!)" chuckled the coachman. "Your coin can't be two thousand years old, for we are only in 1829!"

Continued from the previous column

Institute is already paid for, so to speak, by the generosity of the man whose name is to be made memorable in the building.

It is, of course, high time that the building began. The University of London has been obliged to make shift and live where it could. No finer site could have been found than the heart of Bloomsbury, with its great squares, its Georgian houses, its calm.

THIS GOOD OLD WORLD

Darby and Joan in Camp

SOUTH WALES IS RICH IN KINDNESS

One more story of this kind world comes from South Wales.

Every week during the summer an old miner and his wife are taken from their coal-grimed valley in Glamorgan-shire, South Wales, and, like Cinderella, are given a treat beyond their dreams: They are transported from the ashes to Fairyland, a fairyland of fields, festivities, and dancing waves.

The Fairy Godmother is the Miner's Welfare Committee. As part of the fine work done in the distressed areas a camp for workless miners is organised at St Athans, a seaside village on the Bristol Channel. For some years the camp has been a health-giving centre for youth.

A Joyous Adventure

Two years ago the officials gave a thought to the aged as well. An elderly couple were invited to spend a week's holiday at the camp. Their happiness was bewildering, and there could be only one result of the experiment. Since then every week during the summer months has been a joyous adventure for some old Darby and Joan.

The fortunate ones are usually chosen from those who would otherwise never have a holiday. Many of them had never before slept outside the valleys of their birth, and one old lady caught her first glimpse of the sea at St Athans.

Pomp and Ceremony

This sunshine scheme has now become a leading event in the camp life. Each week the old couple are received with jocular ceremony by the younger campers. With due pomp they are invested with chains of office, and are acknowledged as Mayor and Mayoress. They preside at camp functions and receive every attention—for seven days only! Then they make room for others and go back with treasured memories.

This year there is a further pleasure for the Mayor and Mayoress. Mrs and Miss Davies, of Llandinam, Montgomery, have presented a cottage to the camp organisers and this is now the Mansion House. Simply furnished and in picturesque surroundings it is indeed a mansion to its guests.

GUIDES AND TREES

A Chance For Our Girls

Trees will teach you what you cannot learn from masters, said the wise St Bernard of Clairvaux, who stirred Europe for the second Crusade, and his words are bearing fruit today.

The Roads Beautifying Association, as C.N. readers know, has been founded for the purpose of planting trees along all our motoring roads.

Girl Guides are now to have a share in this splendid scheme. Companies and individual Patrols are invited to join at a small annual subscription. With their membership comes free information as to how, when, and where to plant and care for shrubs and trees. When fifty Guide Companies have been enrolled in a county the R.B.A. will plant an avenue of flowering cherry trees along any highway and name it after the Guides of that county.

It is not only the planting of new trees but the preservation of old trees which must engage our attention. The lives of many veteran trees are becoming endangered through the builder and the roadmaker. In Ashted village a few weeks ago it was only at the intervention of the Rural Council that a Surrey beech tree said to be over 800 years old was saved.

Perhaps it will inspire us to remember the proverb that he who plants a tree loves others beside himself.

A BOX FROM POLAND

Little Present For the C.N.

THE CLEVER FINGERS OF THE POLISH GUIDES

A precious little rough wooden box has just travelled across Europe, transferred from one postbag to another, and finally has reached its destination.

It was sent by the Girl Guides of Poland to the C.N., and it contains a set of entrancing small objects made out of odds and ends with much care and love and a real sense of beauty.

A note on the box explains that the little things are to be hung up or set about at a party, to shine, and make the room look pretty. The most amusing objects are a little man and woman, each made of a pine cone with a tiny mask fitted on it, sticks for legs, and a pair of strong wooden clogs in which they stand firmly upright and smile at you instead of falling on their noses, as so many little toy men do.

A Golden Spider

The most beautiful object is a golden spider whose golden web seems to be eternally growing. The body is half a tiny walnut shell and the main strands are wire, the rest cotton.

Among these lovely things the most fragile and remarkable are two toys made of eggshells. In one case a little cardboard neck and handle are glued to the egg, turning it into a jug, and tiny strips of coloured paper are pasted on the body of the jug, making it so charming that one thinks at once it should have a place in Nicholson's famous picture of the Hundred Jugs in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.

The other eggshell has had a doleful face painted on it and a dunce's cap fastened to it, and it dangles from a string and always looks different. Then there are all kinds of tiny things made of scraps of cardboard and coloured papers and gold and silver paper, a bead or two, and fine string.

Whimsical and Entertaining

No two are alike, and all are whimsical and entertaining. Perhaps the cleverest of these is a mimic warrior's shield with little white feathers round it, the shield itself decorated with several overlying stencils of coloured paper.

It is a delightful surprise box for the C.N., but still more delightful is the impulse that made and sent it. It is pleasant to think of these girls growing up in far-away Poland, learning much and doing much with their clever hands, pleasant to think of this box being packed and blessed by a smile from each Guide.

We send our greetings once again to Poland and its Guides, growing up into the Age of Peace when all these troubled days will seem like nothing but a dream.

Picture on page 9

THE UNTOUCHABLES

By One of Them

There are 60,000,000 Untouchables in India, and this is what one of them has been saying at Madras:

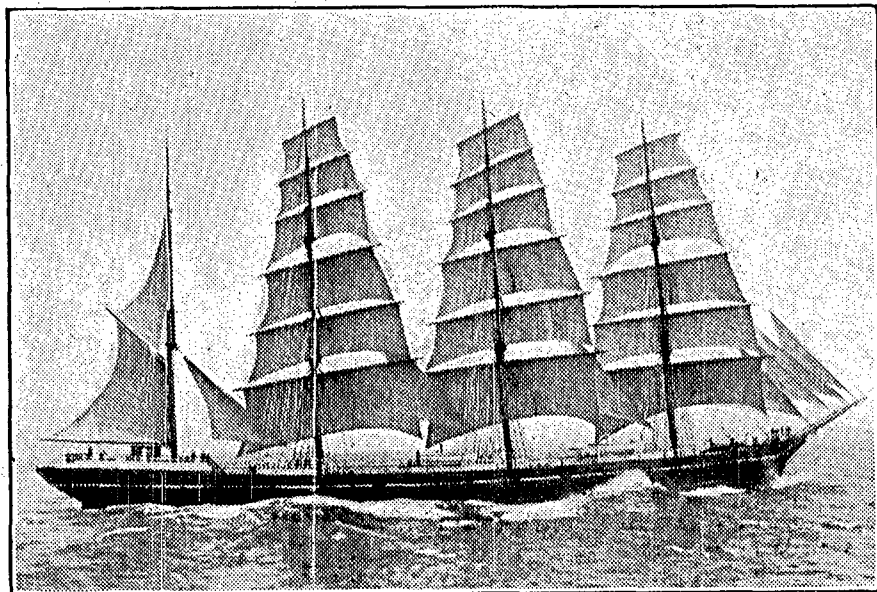
I firmly believe, and I proclaim it from the housetops, that British rule has been a Godsend to us, and we have received inestimable blessings from it.

It does not seem possible that the Untouchables would reap the ordinary rights of human beings if the Nationalist Congress ruled India. It was only after the advent of British rule that we were thought of as free men and human beings, and we are now treated as free human beings only under the protection of its strong arm.

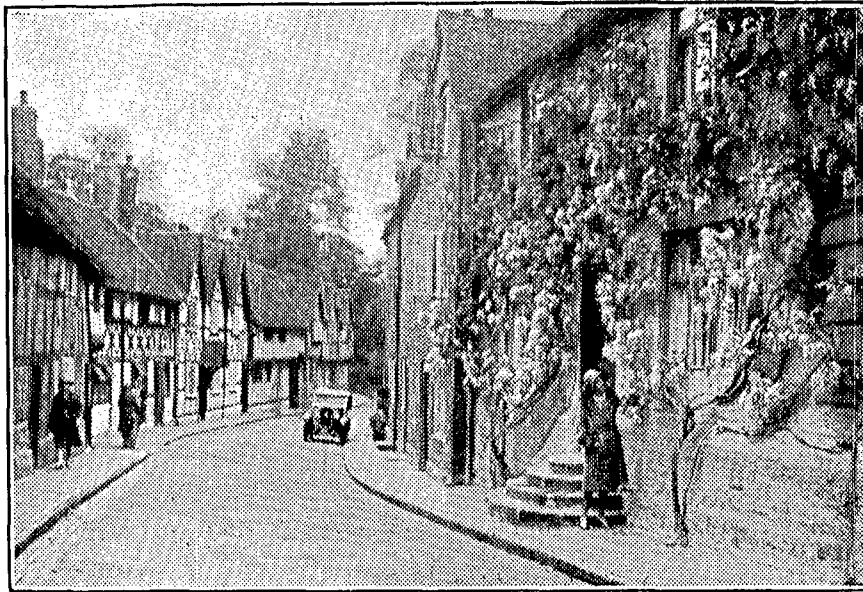
We and our descendants must be grateful to the British for this for many generations to come.

I think to be a British citizen means to be as free and safe as the Emperor, enjoying liberty, equality, and fraternity such as cannot be found even in Bolshevik Russia, Republican France, Democratic America, Fascist Italy, or elsewhere in the world.

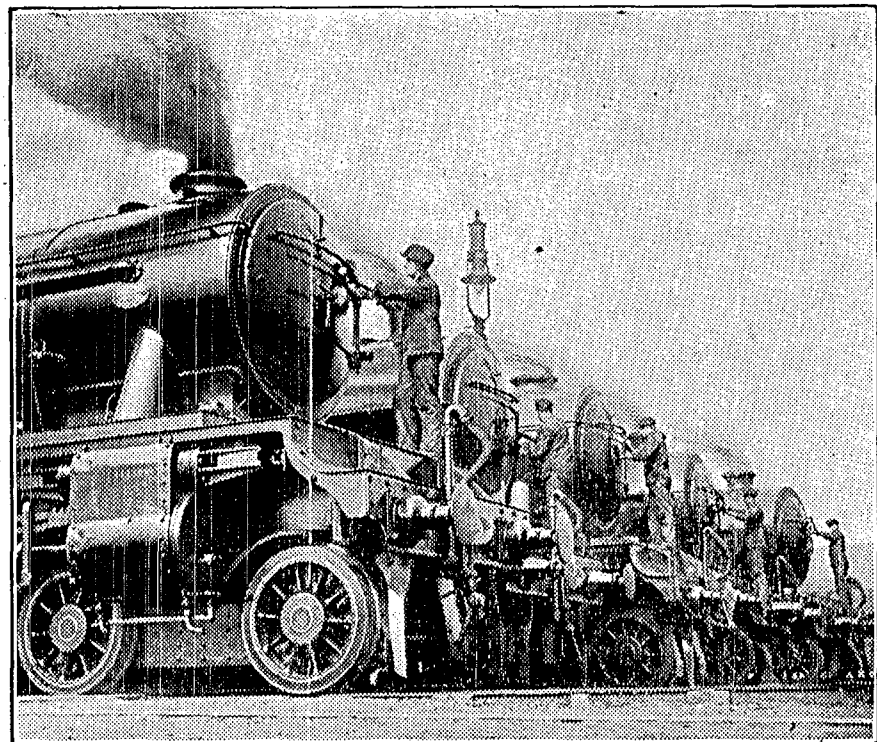
BIGGEST TELESCOPE · IRON HORSES AND REAL HORSES · A LOVELY STREET



A Thrilling Sight—To meet another vessel when at sea gives passengers quite a thrill, and especially so when it is a splendid ship like the four-masted barque Ponape, seen here making twelve knots on a journey from Ireland to London.



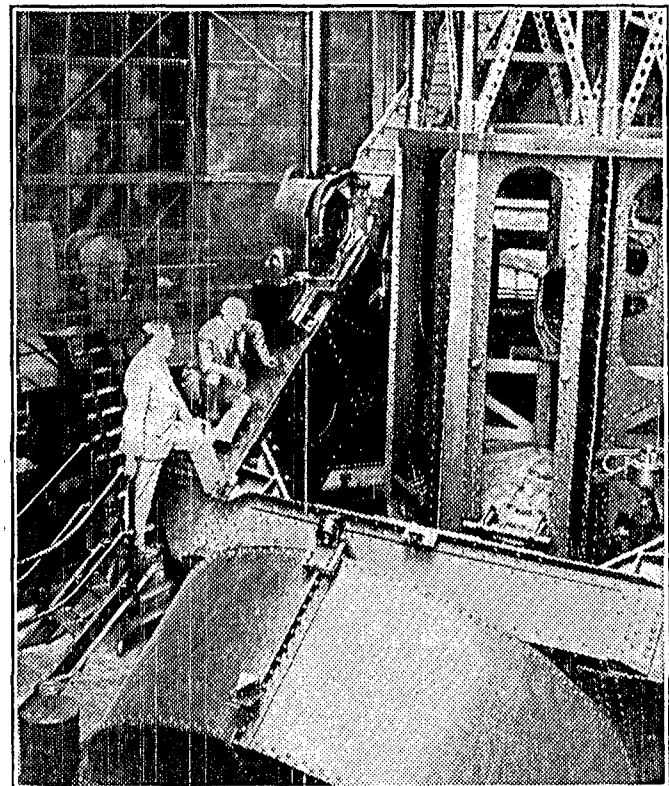
A Beautiful Street—Which is England's prettiest street? Mill Street in Warwick is certainly one of the quaintest with its old timbered houses, and when the wistaria seen in the picture is in full bloom it gives an added touch of beauty to the scene.



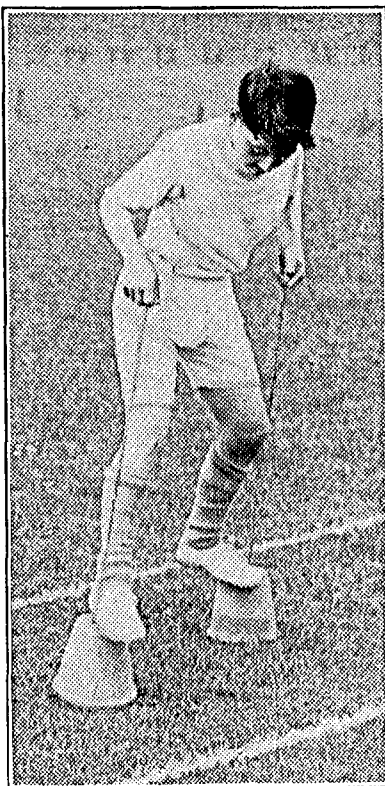
Iron Horses—Five Pacific type locomotives of the L.N.E.R. in the hands of the cleaners. These engines will be taking thousands of happy holiday-makers to seaside and country.



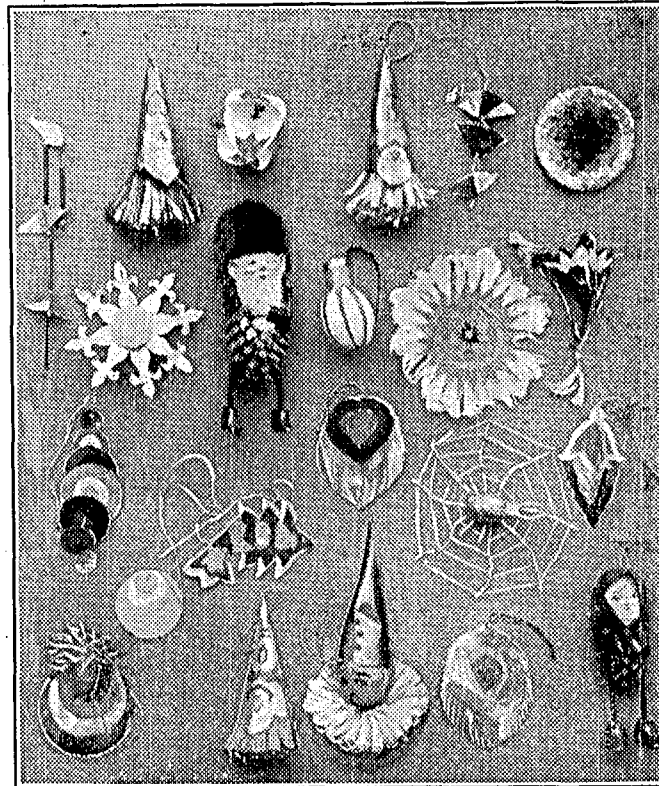
Real Horses—No less striking than the picture of iron horses is this photograph of real horses of the London mounted police on parade. London is proud of its police horses.



Biggest Telescope—Sir James Jeans, the famous astronomer, recently visited Mount Wilson Observatory in California, and this picture shows him (on the left) inspecting the world's biggest telescope.



The Flower-Pot Race—Success here is not always to the swift. In such a race the tortoise may beat the hare.



A Present From Poland—Here are some of the contents of the box which, as described on page 8, was sent to the C.N. by the Girl Guides of Poland. All the objects are brightly coloured.

THE NOBEL PRIZES THE NATIONS THAT HAVE WON THEM

A Generation of Men Who Have Helped the World WORKERS AND THINKERS

For what counts as a generation among men the Nobel Prizes (founded by a fortune of two million pounds left by Alfred Nobel, the Swedish manufacturer of dynamite) have encouraged them to make this a better world.

In improving the world's knowledge and welfare it was thought that peace would be an accompaniment and a result of enlightenment. Accordingly one Nobel Prize was allocated every year for the individual who should do most to promote peace.

There are a number of years in which it has not been won, and it must be admitted that some of the eighteen nationalities who have shared the Nobel Prizes have been as vigorous in prosecuting war as in other forms of activity. We note that America has won it single-handed four times and shared it once. France comes next with three wins. Our own country has won it once and shared it once. Germany has won it once, after the war, when it went to Dr Stresemann, who nobly deserved it.

A Reassuring Fact

It is reassuring to contemplate the fact, full of hope for the future, that the assistance which men of learning, wisdom, and understanding have given to the progress of the world comes from every quarter of it.

Medicine comes with healing in its wings from every European country as well as from the New World. England has been rewarded for the discoveries of Sir Ronald Ross in subduing malaria and Gowland Hopkins in assailing the obscure virus diseases. France and the United States share Carrel between them, and others who have conducted the war against virulent microbes.

Doctors and Healers

Denmark had Finsen, the pioneer of curative light rays; Germany the great Koch, founder of modern bacteriological method; and Ehrlich, who showed how to poison the parasite. Russia gave birth to Metchnikoff and to Pavlov, who led new inquiries into the nervous system. Canada has Banting, who has fought disease with insulin.

All these, and others who might be named among the splendid 24 who were doctors and healers, stand high among the Nobel Prizemen. But in several branches of Science the whole world is joined in a common effort.

In the science of physics, for example, America has been rewarded for Michelson, who measures light (or did until he died in the hour of his triumph the other day), and Millikan, who gathered in the cosmic rays; and before these won their guerdon in the search for the ray there were Becquerel and Madame Curie with radium from France and Röntgen from Germany with his X-rays.

Pioneers of Progress

Germany stands high among the physicists, with Planck, who invented the light quantum theory, and Einstein, who imagined a new mathematics, among her eight winners of the prize. But England had Rayleigh and Sir J. J. Thomson, Sir William Bragg and his son, C. T. R. Wilson, who counted electrons, and another—six winners in all.

India found her Raman, Italy Marconi, Sweden Dalen, the blind man who lighted half the world with his self-illuminating buoys. Denmark had Bohr, who reconstructed the atom, and Holland had the great mathematician Lorentz, Zeeman the spectroscopist, and

A BAD IDEA DIES AT A CONFERENCE

Forgetting Prejudice

BETTER FEELING GROWING IN SOUTH AFRICA

The hostile attitude of the South African white people toward people of a dark or brown colour is unhappily well known.

Those who deny it, maintaining that on the whole the native people are kindly treated, do not realise that something more than the sort of kind treatment meted out to animals is needed for an intelligent race; and more and more the attempt is made to push the real natives of South Africa into an impossible position, economically and socially.

The Spirit of Christianity

Efforts to counteract this movement are being made by a group of English, Indian, and African men and women who realise that it is against the spirit of Christianity to allow injustice to continue. By their own life and example of friendship and goodwill toward each other they have been able to create a new atmosphere.

A month or two ago a group of English Quakers, with some Indian and South African Native Christian students, met at a conference to discuss the problems of their country. They invited Dutch students to join them, but, knowing the strong prejudice against coloured people existing in the Dutch mind, the African leader organising the conference pointed out to the Dutch students that their prejudices would be respected; they would not be asked to join in meals or in games, only to be present at the discussions and services.

A Vision of Unity

The Dutch students accepted. They attended the conference and took part in the discussions, but afterwards they went to their own tents for meals and organised their own games. For two days this separation continued, but on the third day the Dutch students began to feel rather uneasy. They realised that there was something radically wrong if they could not eat and play with those with whom they prayed, and they expressed their wish to share in the common life of the conference in every way. Only too gladly everybody agreed; meals were served at the same table, and soon they were all playing football.

On the last night, at the Communion Service, Dutch White, English, Indian, and African all met together, and there they saw a vision of unity, cooperation, and friendship between the different races of South Africa. It will grow, and even now its small beginning holds out great hope for the future. The spirit of Christianity is surely winning over the age-long prejudices of race.

Continued from the previous column

Onnes, who got down to the temperature of nearly absolute zero.

The tale might be pursued through the world's chemists, to whom Germany contributes nearly half of the 26 Nobel Prizemen and England five; but in this science the advance was nearly always linked up with the achievements of men of other nations.

Science has no nationality, as has often been said. The Nobel Prizes show the world joined together to prove that it advances, and must advance, by the common effort of all, and can advance in no other way. In Literature also this is true, as is shown by the prizes awarded to Rabindranath Tagore of India, Sinclair Lewis of America, Selma Lagerlöf of Sweden, Rudyard Kipling and Bernard Shaw of England.

But it is truest of all in the contributions to Peace.

THE SPIDER AND THE MOUSE

A Remarkable True Story

One of the strangest stories we have ever heard comes from a natural history professor in America. It happened in a family dining-room where people were sitting quietly reading and sewing.

A tiny, unfamiliar noise made itself heard in the silence, and one of the family, creeping about, found that it came from under the sideboard. Somebody said it was just a mouse, but one young man was rather interested in the unusualness of the sound, and he lay flat on the floor to investigate.

There was a space of about eight inches between the bottom of the sideboard and the floor. The watcher was able presently to discover the extraordinary source of the tiny noise. It was made by a mouse that had been captured by a spider.

A Feat of Engineering

The spider, not much bigger than a black ant, had spun with great rapidity a number of lines round the mouse, and the mouse, terrified beyond measure, could find no way of freeing itself. As fast as it broke one foot away the others were freshly imprisoned. Now, with its victim webbed round and round, the spider was trying to haul the mouse up to its fortress on the sideboard ledge.

Eight inches is a good height for a spider to drag a beetle, or any heavy insect. It seemed to the watcher that for a spider to get a mouse up to its ledge was a feat of engineering heroic to attempt but utterly hopeless.

For three hours the indomitable spider worked at the task, with pulleys and cords and a crane of its own contriving, no doubt. Fraction by fraction the terrified mouse left behind the safety of the ground, hanging suspended by a thousand threads. Ceaselessly the mouse wriggled and kicked, trying to break its bonds, but at the end of the three hours it was on the ledge, captive, close to the enemy's fortress.

Pity on the Vanquished

Then the spider presumably sat down to mop its brow and have a rest, and the man who had lain on his waistcoat watching the amazing operation decided that it would be interesting to explore the fortress. Like all good-minded people he had pity on the vanquished. He accordingly swept his fingers round the shivering little mouse and freed it. It scuttled away, watched, no doubt, by an enraged spider.

A probing finger then explored the crevice and found another little mouse, dead as stone, and as carefully swathed in spider's web as if it had been a mummy.

The spider must have been in a dangerous state by now, seething with wrath; but considering the size of the mouse's liberator could only wait till he had gone to plan fresh sorties. It will be no consolation to it to know that this engineering feat has been discussed by a body of learned men and that others, less learned, have made a verse beginning:

Will you walk into my parlour?
Asked the spider of the mouse.
It is cosy and well heated
And the nicest in the house.
I'll ask you to excuse me,
Said the mouse unto the spider.
It's a jolly little parlour,
But I'd rather have a wider.

A VOLCANO FOR SALE

The Minister of Commerce for Honduras offers a volcano for sale.

It is 7200 feet high, and is near the little town of Holutcka. It has not been active since 1866.

Anyone wishing to buy is advised not to lose time, for a company which has already been formed in California has offered £2000 for it.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST COUNTRY Russia's Eight Million Miles

WHAT IS BEING DONE WITH IT

Russia is the largest country in the world within a single political boundary.

She actually possesses one-seventh of all the world's land—over eight million square miles of territory, and on this enormous area, which stretches right across the Old World from the Baltic in the West to the Bering Sea in the Far East, there live about 163 million people.

Measured in acres Russia counts an area of 5390 millions, a surface the size of which it is very difficult to realise. This is made up as follows, the figures being millions of acres:

Unproductive land	..	..	3117
Forests	..	..	1472
Under grass	..	..	247
Arable land	..	..	455
Other productive land	..	..	99

We see how great is the timber wealth of Russia, forests accounting for about two-thirds of the productive land.

Agriculture in the Past

In the past, despite the enormous area of the country, the masses of the Russian people suffered from famine. This was due to the very primitive methods of agriculture, which resembled those practised in England in the sixteenth century. The agricultural holdings were in tiny strips the cultivation of which was absurdly wasteful, as it was in England in the old days. A map of this strip farming now appears to our eyes as incredible.

It is this strip farming which the Russian Government has abolished, substituting enormous farms worked by the latest agricultural machinery mainly imported from America.

Great Increase in Crops

According to an account given by our own Ministry of Agriculture great progress has been made in recent years in increasing the crop area.

In 1925 the acres sown were 263 millions; in 1930 there was an increase to 322 millions. In the present year it is hoped to sow 353 million acres, 274 millions under corn.

There has also been considerable progress with sugar-beet, cotton, flax, and tea. The Russians believe they can become entirely independent of imported cotton and build up a great cotton industry from their own material. There are now six million acres under cotton and five million acres under flax, and it appears that great tea farms are being organised.

A HEN AND HER KITTENS

Here is a new picture of a strange friendship among animals, sent to us by a reader.

I was collecting eggs in our farmyard a few days ago when I noticed something black moving under one of the broody hens in a shed. On lifting her up I found three kittens.

They belonged to our cat, but the hen seemed to think them her own. As the cat was in the shed I took away the hen and put the mother with the kittens; but the hen flew back and pecked her so badly that I had to take both the cat and kittens away.

ABOUT YOUR BUTCHER

Does your butcher use the humane killer?

It will be of interest to all C.N. readers to know that the pigs from which their bacon comes are killed humanely.

The Council of Justice to Animals, 42, Old Bond Street, London, W.1, will send any C.N. reader a list of firms using the humane killer. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed when asking for the list.

CYCLONES OF FIRE

Sweeping Across the Surface of the Sun

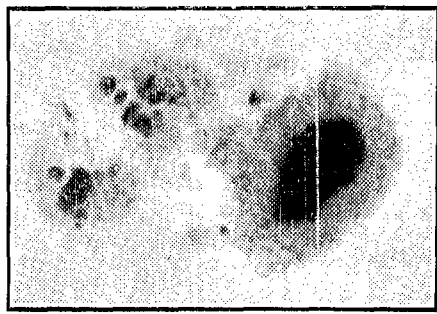
4000 MILES AN HOUR

By the C.N. Astronomer

On Monday, July 6, the Sun will be at his farthest, 94,500,000 miles away.

He will then be 3,160,000 miles farther off than he was when at his nearest on January 3. The Earth has therefore been receding from the Sun at the average rate of 17,362 miles a day, and is now 395 times her own width farther from the Sun.

This is an immense distance to cover in six months; indeed we should have to travel at the terrific speed of nearly



A photograph taken at Greenwich Observatory of a typical group of Sun-spots

724 miles an hour (or over 12 miles a minute continuously) to equal the rate at which we have been speeding away from the Sun.

This colossal furnace, which, by the way, is 1,300,000 times as big as the Earth, is now approaching his restful state, or what is called Sun-spot minima. At this time those immense solar cyclones of fire-mist, at a temperature hot enough to turn everything on Earth also into fiery vapour, are much less frequently seen on the Sun's surface.

The last of these quiescent periods of Sun-spot minima occurred in 1923, and the next is expected by 1934, the interval between each period being from 10 to 12 years and averaging a little over 11. The previous stormy period of Sun-spot maxima occurred in 1927. Then the Sun's surface was never free from these terrible tornadoes of fire; at times they could be seen to stretch across his disc in great curves, parallel with the solar equator as a rule and always some distance either north or south of it, never on the Equator. As many as a hundred have been visible at one time.

Fancy a hundred fiery hurricanes racing across the Sun, most of them large enough to envelop the whole of our world, and continuing for days and days; travelling sometimes right across the Sun's disc from left to right as it rotates at terrific speed. This, near the equatorial regions, amounts to between 4000 and 4500 miles an hour.

On such occasions a group of these colossal solar storms may be seen for as long as a fortnight, until they vanish round the right-hand edge of the Sun. Sometimes after the lapse of nearly another fortnight the same group of whirling storm vortices will reappear from round the left edge of the Sun, and begin yet another journey across his disc, carried along by the Sun's rotation.

The Storm Vortices

This rotation takes between 25 and 26 days, at a speed about 1000 miles an hour faster than the regions near the Sun's poles.

Now these storm vortices, the so-called Sun-spots, have also a motion of their own, averaging about 250 miles an hour in various directions over the Sun. They also rotate at various but usually terrific speeds, running into hundreds of miles a second, as the whirlwinds of fiery gases rush upward and outward from the centre, and then finally fall back as cooled materials and are drawn into the terrible vortex again.

G. F. M.

C. L. N.

Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, and Peace

MORE AND MORE SCHOOLS SUPPORT THE C.L.N.

Number of Members—27,060

So strongly are schools supporting the C.L.N. that nowadays nearly every schoolgirl or schoolboy is learning something about the League of Nations and disarmament. Besides being taught reading, writing, and arithmetic they are being given a world outlook, and becoming better equipped for life.

Up and down the country there are over a thousand schools which take an interest in the League of Nations and have junior branches. In London alone there are more than 70 junior branches, and all over the world there are schools in sympathy with the League. But the children of these schools have not all heard of the C.L.N., of the good work it is accomplishing, and of the amount of world-friendship it is creating. And here, where interest in the League has already been strongly aroused, there is a splendid chance for enlisting new members.

Enthusiasm Spreading

Nearly 40 children of Queen Street Central School, Bradford, have joined the C.L.N., and Park School, Glasgow, has sent us the names of over 30 new members. From schools in South Africa, the British West Indies, and other distant places we have had letters from boys and girls asking that they may become members. And thus C.L.N. enthusiasm is spreading round the world, bringing into thousands of unexpected places the ideals of a lasting peace and friendship between nations.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent,
London, S.W.1

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.



The C.L.N. badge

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

Story for C.L.N. Members

The Old Folk So Tired—page 2

THE DANGER FILM

Disaster On Disaster

The Danger Film continues its tragic career of disaster and death.

A man has now been burned to death in a motor-car in which he was carrying celluloid films. The celluloid was in this case more perilous than the petrol, for the fire was due to the films, and the victim (a cinema proprietor) was overcome with the fumes.

A cinema has also been burned out during a children's performance in Gloucestershire owing to a fire beginning in the operating-box.

It is every day more clear that the new Safety Film, now within the reach of all cinemas, should be insisted on by all our local authorities.

THE ENDOSCOPE

The Manchester Jewish community is noted for the thorough way in which it undertakes its responsibilities.

Its hospital is splendidly equipped, and has just added to its fame by installing that wonderful instrument called an endoscope, by which foreign objects can be removed from the stomach. Tubes passed down the throat light up, the located object is picked up, while the surrounding part is played upon by an anaesthetic to deaden the pain!

There are more than 200 parts to this instrument, and there is only one other installed in this country.

CENSUS OF THE TREES

SAVING THEIR LIFE AND BEAUTY

A Good Work and How It Is Carried On

THE 25TH YEAR

By a Correspondent in France

They have just been taking the Census of the Trees in Burgundy.

The system by which the beautiful woods of France are preserved for future generations is well thought out and carefully applied. Every wooded area is divided into 25 sections, and trees are felled in only one of these sections each year. Thus each part of the forest stands untouched for 24 years, and in the 25th year it yields its part of the timber and firewood of France.

The Age Limit

When the turn comes for a section to be cut it is visited by the owner and the woodcutter in the spring. Every tree is looked at carefully. The young ones of 25 years are left untouched; they are not yet large enough to cut. But all the trees that are 75 years old are marked to come down, and the middle-aged trees which have stood for fifty years are carefully examined to see whether they had best come down in this cutting or be allowed to grow for another quarter of a century. No tree may be cut unless it has been properly marked.

The following winter the fact is advertised that this section of the wood is to be cut, and people in the vicinity buy the privilege of cutting a few trees. From these trees they may only take away the branches and any bushes growing on that piece of ground. The trunks must be left lying on the ground. Anyone who has the unenviable reputation of being a tree-butcher will not be allowed on the property.

Rigid Regulations

Advertisements are sent out that timber of such and such sort and size is for sale to the highest bidder on a certain day. Offers are sent in sealed envelopes, to be opened before an assembly of the bidders, on the day named. If the highest price offered seems too low to the owner he is allowed to offer a higher price himself and keep the wood.

The purchaser must have the felled trees hauled away; but there are rigid regulations as to the methods and routes. The tree-trunks must be dragged along certain pathways in the woods and never pulled ruthlessly across saplings. If young trees are found bruised or bent in the pathway of a log the purchaser can be prosecuted and fined.

New trees grow up from the old roots, and so, generation after generation, there is preserved one of the great beauties and riches of France.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

When Was the First English Newspaper Published?

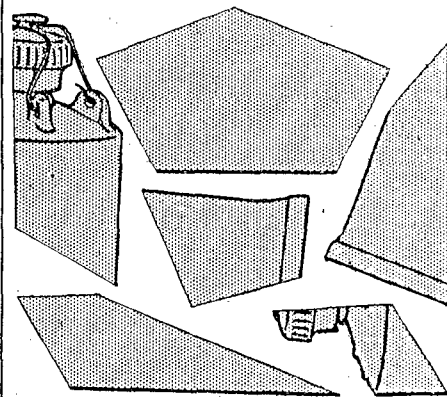
The coranto of Peter van den Keere appeared on December 2, 1620; but the first English newspaper of importance was Defoe's Review, started February 19, 1704.

How Did the Game of Chess Originate?

As a kind of war game on a board it has been traced back to the 6th century in India, whence it reached Persia, the Far East, Italy, Spain, Germany, and France. It was introduced in Britain about the time of the Norman Conquest.

Can Aeroplanes Fly Higher Than Birds?

The highest yet for an aeroplane, with the help of special oxygen apparatus for man and engine, is over 43,000 feet. It is extremely doubtful whether birds could attain anything approaching this height, though choughs have been seen at 27,000 feet on Everest.



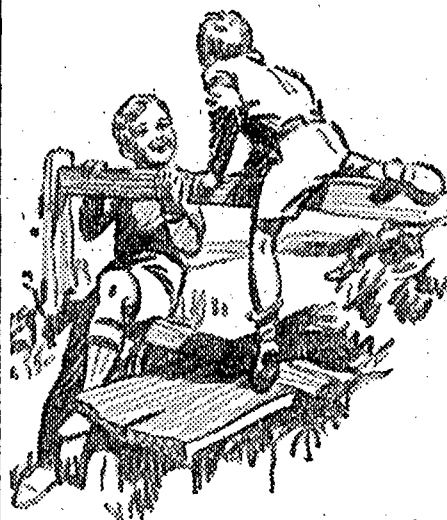
Half an inch twice a day
Drives dirt and germs away

When you have cut these pieces neatly out and pasted them together on a postcard see if you can write on it the name of what is inside. Then send the postcard, with your name and address on it, too, to the address given below, and by return of post you will receive a free sample tube of Kolynos.

You will be delighted with Kolynos. Squeeze half an inch on a dry brush and soon your mouth will be enjoying the taste of sweet-smelling, sweet-tasting foam which penetrates into every corner. There will not be a particle of food left when Kolynos has finished, and your teeth will be clean enough to satisfy even the most particular grown-up.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Send your postcard to Kolynos (Dept. B 50), Chancery Street, London, W.C.1. Don't forget to give your name and address.



Boys will be
boys—

HÖVIS
will turn them
into men

The National Health Builder.

HÖVIS Ltd., London, Bristol, Macclesfield, etc.

BRUNETTA SITS UP WHY SHE WAITED FOR THEM

A Tale of a Straw Hat in
Sunny Tuscany

HATS FROM SEEDS

By a Travelling Correspondent

A travelling correspondent sends us this story from Tuscany, where many straw hats are made. The straws of Milan and Leghorn are well known; but there are thousands of qualities manufactured in villages all over Italy. You may have put on one of these hats this very morning without a thought of the dramatic scenes from life in which it has played its part.

"Do not wait up for us; we may be late," we said to Brunetta as we went into the starry Florentine night.

"Never fancy I could sleep," the good woman said.

"But your sister is quite out of danger now; you must not worry any more," we answered her.

"Ah, it is not that; it is this," she said, thrusting her sturdy arm toward the field of new-mown grass at our feet. "The first day for cutting the hat straw: does not my sister's life depend as much on that as on the work of the good Dottore at the Ospedale? It is hard for any of us to sleep while the straw lies out. True, it is fine tonight, but if the rain should come—ah, signorina, that would mean ruin for us all!"

The Straw Room

Remembering our visit to Brunetta's village we knew that this was so. It was a little lost place on the edge of the Apennines, where over half the people had never even been to Florence. Every house had at least one great room given to the clean-smelling straw, straw stacked so neatly, length by length, that each strand must have been laid separately in its place with tender care.

We remembered the girls and women, standing in their doorways plaiting, plaiting; or walking down the roadway, a basket on the head, plaiting, plaiting; or sitting on an ancient bit of wall, laughing but listening to their young men's compliments—plaiting, plaiting.

In the courtyards men were hammering at cases filled to the brim with hundreds of hats, large floppy hats for the seaside, smaller straw hats for the town; white hats, black hats, red hats, blue hats, hats with colours mixed like plaid. The men were hammering romance into the cases as well as hats, a romance that had begun a year before with the planting of the hat-straw seed, that had become intense with the long drama of wind and weather while it grew, and during the careful harvesting.

The Touch of Romance

Then thousands of anxious hearts had watched out the days and nights till it was dried and stored. After that had come the splitting, bleaching, dyeing, plaiting, and hoping for customers. This was the unwritten story that was being nailed into those cases, but the final touch of romance had then to be painted outside with the names of the far places to which these industrious villagers shipped their wares: Paris, Berlin, London, New York, Buenos Aires—it gave one rather a giddy feeling, as if one had somehow fallen out of Brunetta's brother's courtyard into the very middle of a lesson in geography.

As the sunstroke of a child in Brazil may depend on a dry May night in an Italian village, our good Brunetta waited up till we came home.

To Mothers Everywhere

A celluloid toy may cost your child its life. Do not have it in your home.

MORE WIMBLEDON PLAYERS



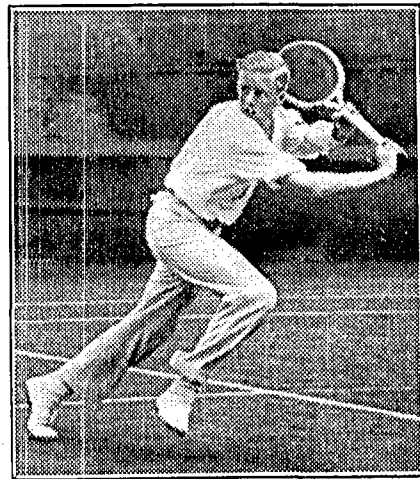
C. Boussus, France



Miss Mudford, England



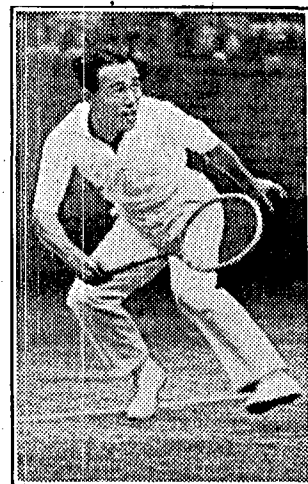
I. G. Collins, England



S. B. Wood, U.S.A.



Fraulein Krahwinkel, Germany



Jiro Satoh, Japan



Miss Harvey, England



V. G. Kirby, South Africa



Mrs. Mitchell, England



Mlle J. Sigart, Belgium



J. C. Gregory, England



Mrs. Watson, England



F. X. Shields, U.S.A.

Last week we gave pictures of a number of outstanding players from many nations at Wimbledon. Here are others whose play also has thrilled thousands of visitors to this most interesting of all tennis tournaments.

THE MAN WHO TRIED JOAN

SEEN AGAIN

Bishop Cauchon's Coffin
Opened at Lisieux

A BLOT ON HISTORY

The body of Bishop Cauchon, Joan of Arc's chief enemy, has been seen after nearly five hundred years at Lisieux, a town in Normandy far too beautiful to wish to have anything to do with one of the world's bad men.

The coffin was opened in the presence of men of the Church and the State. It was with very strange feelings that they looked at all that was left of the man who had been so notorious in his day, who, at such bitter pain to herself, had laid the foundation of Joan's sainthood.

False to the Core

During those terrible months of her trial this was the man Joan dreaded most to see. She knew that he was false to the core. While they were trying her for heresy and the sin of wearing men's clothes and the other absurd charges the Church trumped up against her to excommunicate her and deliver her over to the "secular arm," it was this man's face that told her of her doom.

They had chosen him to preside at the trial. He had had plenty of practice in law, plenty of practice in what we call shady cases. He had dealt very deeply himself in treachery. The citizens of Beauvais, where he had been bishop, had turned him out of the town because of his treachery.

If he succeeded in getting rid of the Maid he would be able to avenge himself on Beauvais, for it had been whispered in his ear that the Archbishopric of Rouen was vacant for a man who showed his skill and weight in this crisis.

In the Roaring Flames

Joan died, poor soul, hearing her Voices in the roaring flames, and would not have been comforted by knowing that for all time she would stand on the page of history. And the man who could have saved her got the reward of his crime. He became Archbishop of Rouen, and in his gorgeous vestments passed down the chancel of the cathedral conscious as a peacock that all men must admire him.

But they did not admire him. Before a year had passed Joan had become to the mass of French people a true prophet, a daughter of God. The men who had judged her became objects of scorn, derision, and hatred. The grand Archbishop of Rouen found that it was not comfortable to ride through the streets of his province. There were too many pointing fingers, too many dark whispers and gestures. It was said aloud that his end would come soon.

A Sudden and Mysterious End

It came. He died suddenly, mysteriously, when his barber was in attendance on him, and people were actually joyous because the evil man was no more in their midst. They would not have his body in Rouen. No stories of his burial survive. Had there been letters or records we might know the reason why, in this coffin opened at Lisieux, there is no trace of the garments in which it was fitting that an archbishop should be buried. In superstition and in fear of the Church they left the pastoral ring on his finger. When the men at Lisieux saw it had become oxidised, its details undecipherable. There was the ring; there was the skull that had housed the brain of so much infamous thought.

They scattered Joan's ashes over the Seine to make sure that she was dead. They gave this evil man holy burial. Now he is scorned—a blot on the page of history; and Joan can be said never to have died at all, for from the moment the fires consumed her she has not ceased to live in the hearts of men.

THE BIG FIVE

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 25

Fitch's Story

MR FITCH gave Trytton an old-fashioned look. "When I get in I have a cup of tea," he said guardedly.

That Adam's apple in Trytton's throat worked up and down. Whatever had come over the old fellow? he wondered. Could he possibly be about to ask him inside?

In a dreamy voice he chanted, "I make topping tea!"

"Well, I live by myself," came the truly startling rejoinder.

Trytton said no more, but followed Fitch through to a quaint little courtyard set around two-storey dwellings, houses picturesque enough, but shabby now with neglect.

There was washing hanging out, some children were playing, one grubby and solitary infant sat and wailed on a doorstep. Trytton gave this mite a friendly pat on its pate, then another, and another, till the tears stopped, when, fearing that if he went on they might start afresh, he bent to the small, sticky paw, gravely opened the fingers, placed a penny inside them, as gravely closed them again and darted after his friend, who was disappearing into the tiniest house of the lot.

In the little kitchen to which he conducted his guest Fitch was just able to stand erect without his head touching the ceiling.

"There's another party live above me," he said, "but this room and another are well enough for an old fellow. There's the kettle on the hob. It won't be long boiling. You'll find a canister of tea on the dresser."

With a grunt of deep satisfaction he dropped himself into his chair and proceeded, smiling dryly, to fill his pipe from the packet Trytton had given him.

This amazing reception, his presence here, so staggered Trytton that he quite forgot to put any tea in the pot and filled that outraged vessel with nothing but water. However, he pulled himself together in time, re-setting about his duties with a fine gusto. When all looked ready the old man laid down his pipe and, rubbing his hands, prepared to draw up to the table.

"No, wait a minute!" cried Trytton. "I'll make you some toast."

"Hot buttered toast!" muttered Mr Fitch under his breath.

He said no more till the last slice of toast was demolished, when, leaning forward and crooking his wrist round his steaming cup, for all the world as though he feared it would walk away, he brought his shrewd gaze to bear anew on his visitor, and remarked: "And now, my cock-sparrow, what are you after?"

"It's this way," Trytton began. "I told you I wanted something. I want to know what happened last June at the ferry?"

"Aye," muttered Mr Fitch, "I reckoned as much. For, not being born yesterday, I could see what was coming. Well, what do you want to know?"

"Please, everything!" exclaimed Trytton.

The old man gave him a long and peculiar look. "Day in and day out," he said musingly, "summer and winter, I had charge of that ferry. I must have paddled my old tub across thousands of times; say, ten trips a day for thirty years. How much is that, youngster?"

"Not so far off a tenth of a million!" cried Trytton.

"So I'd become attached to it, as you might say. That strip of stream and me got to be regular old comrades. In the mornings when the ripples came dancing past they'd give me a nod as though to say: Here we are, friend! And in the evenings when I was tying the tub up for the night I'd hear the water murmuring: See you tomorrow, Fitch. There isn't a mood of that water that I don't know. Sometimes it's sulky and sometimes it's all in a hurry; and sometimes it will look at you grey as a slate. But always we were friends, me and my ferry."

"Yes?" Trytton said very quietly.

"But that's what you don't want to hear," the old man continued. "You want to hear what happened. What happened was this. On Saturday—the twenty-first of June it was, it isn't likely I shall forget that date, yet awhile—I was taking some golfers across when my boat sank beneath us. They scrambled ashore safe enough, but they got a good ducking first."

Trytton was too wise to make interruptions.

"It was just about eight o'clock, as near as no matter. There were no other golfers left on the links, so when I'd brought this last load back I was finished. Well, though the stream ain't hardly deep enough just

there to drown a grown person they had a bit of a fright before they got out, and I can't say, I blamed them for losing their tempers."

Trytton nodded, and waited, storing all up. "Aye, they lost their tempers," said Fitch. "And I lost my job. You see, I wasn't too popular with the golfers, because I never kow-towed to any of 'em. And perhaps I'd answer them back now and then when I shouldn't, and perhaps I wasn't quick enough for 'em. The old tub and me, we were neither as young as we had been. Anyhow, the golfers made a big fuss with the Town Council, who owns the ferry. And the Council says: 'You must go, Fitch. You've been there too long. It's your fault, Fitch, for letting your boat founder.'"

"But was it?" said Trytton.

"I ought to have spotted her plug had been tampered with?" the old man answered, vehemently shaking his head. "Except between whiles what boatman would dream of inspecting his plug?"

"The plug came out of the boat and let in the water?"

"We were crossing, with the golfers all larking and joking, when I noticed some water begin to come in, and, thinks I, She's springing a leak. So I pull for all I'm worth; but the water comes in too fast and the boat founders under us."

"You fished her up?"

"Aye, we got her ashore at last, and a job we had over it! But I wasn't for leaving her at the bottom all night."

CHAPTER 26

Fitch Continues His Story

TRYTTON was in a quiver as he spoke next.

"What made you think," he asked, "that a chap from the School was responsible?"

"You hail from the School? Aye, I know you do," answered old Fitch, and reached for his pipe, which he slowly lighted once more. "Well, a wise head keeps a still tongue, and I don't say I want to open old sores. So if I tell you why your School was suspected you'll understand that I don't bear any more malice. Not but what that wasn't a real nasty trick."

"You mean, he knew it would get you into bad trouble?"

"The lad that scuppered my boat knew that very well, as most of your bigger lads must have done, because they knew how the golfers were wanting the Town to get rid of me."

"Still, you haven't told me why you suspected the School?"

"Because, as I said, the lads used to lark at the ferry. There was one party of them who used to come fairly often, and one of that party was always up to some mischief. One day he took my boat and paddled her off when my back was turned."

"How do you mean, when your back was turned?" Trytton asked.

"A knowing smile crossed Fitch's lips. 'Well, it's this way,' he said. 'There'd be times of day when I wasn't likely to be wanted, and then mebbe I'd take a bit of a nap.'"

"But there isn't any shelter or shanty there."

"Oh, and isn't there?" the old man replied in a sly tone. "To sit by that ferry all day, be it summer or winter, ain't everyone's choice, especially when he's no chicken. For in winter the wind comes across those bleak banks something cruel, and in summer when it's hot the Sun fairly broils you. But," he looked at Trytton knowingly, "but," he repeated, "it may be that there's little hollows, or cups, you might call 'em, in the sandhills that shelter you from both the wind and the Sun, where an old man could settle down cosy enough and yet keep within hail all the time in case he be needed."

"Oh, I see," exclaimed Trytton.

"So the day that fellow walked away with my boat I was having forty winks in that way," said Fitch. "When I came back I found him playing with the boat in midstream. 'Halloa, Fitch!' shouts he. 'Have you had a good nap?'"

"And what did you do?"

"I shook my fist at the gentleman. 'You bring her back,' I says, 'before there's more trouble.' He says, 'You dive in and fetch her, Fitch. Come aboard, Fitch. I'm skipper now, but you're heartily welcome.' Then two golfers came into sight and he paddled her back."

"And all you did," exclaimed Trytton, "was to shake your fist at him?"

"Not likely!" the old man returned with some vigour. "You see, that wasn't the first time that lad had vexed me."

Continued on the next page

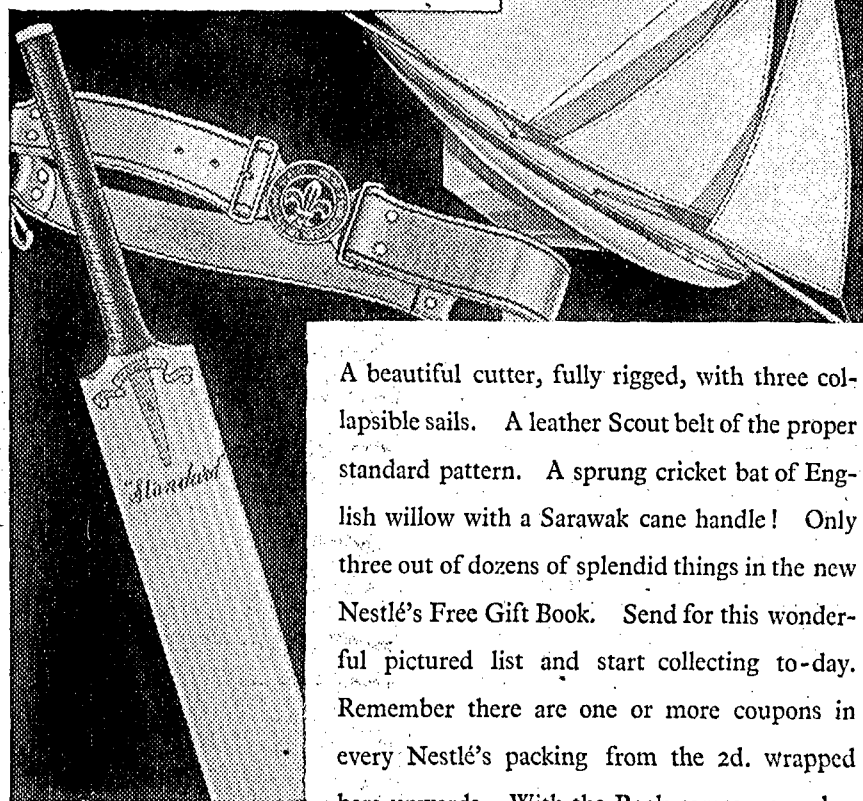


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Children's Newspaper

There'd been one hot afternoon when he'd come by himself with a couple of golf sticks in a bag and looked at me solemn like and says 'Take me across, Fitch.' Well, naturally I think he's going to play golf, so I tell him to get in and I take him across. But as soon as we get to the other bank he says, 'Thank you, old man. And now I think we'll go back.'

"I pointed to the links. I says 'You've come to play golf.' He says, 'No fear. I've never played golf in my life. I came for some jolly old boating.' 'Boating!' I says as I shove him out double quick. 'It's swimming, you mean, for this boat don't carry you back.' And away I pull. And what does he do! Bless if he doesn't leave most of his clothes on the bank and swim along after me. And laughing all the time till I thought he would split!"

"Did he swim right across?"

"He did."

"Then what about his clothes?"

"That's where he had me," growled Fitch. "For when we were across, he says 'Fitch, we can't leave my clothes over there.' 'Can't we!' I says, though I see very well what was coming. 'No, it isn't done, Fitch,' he says, and makes his teeth chatter. 'I can't possibly walk to the School like this, can I, Fitch?' I says 'You can wait for the golfers to bring 'em across.' 'No, I can't,' he says. 'I've got to get back.' And off he starts his teeth again. What do I do? Why, of course I have to pull off and fetch his clothes. And when I get back again his teeth had stopped chattering, and 'Thank you, Fitch,' says he; 'you're a jolly good chap, Fitch.' So I gave him a warning. 'Next time,' I says, 'there'll be real trouble.'

"And the next time was when he ran away with your boat?"

"It wasn't. That was the third time," Fitch said reflectively. "The next time was when he sent up a bogus message, though I wasn't to know it came from him at the time. It was to tell me that the Mayor and the Town Councillors were coming to open the golfers' new Club House. They were coming, the message said, in state, the Mayor in his robes and chains, with his mace, and all that, and I was to be sure to have my boat clean for them. So I gave her a rare good scrub and I decorated her a bit; then, just as I was finishing, along comes my young gentleman, and 'Sold again,

Fitch!' says he, as gay as they make 'em. So that third time, when he ran away with my boat, you asked me what I did. I went straight away to your Headmaster."

"You reported the chap?"

"I did that," growled Mr Fitch.

"And he got a wiggling?"

"He did. He gave me his word himself for it. He strolls up a few days after, as amiable as they make 'em, and 'Fitch, old bird,' he says, 'you let me in properly.' Then he laughs and shows me his hands. 'All red and raw, Fitch,' he says, 'you feel 'em. They'll scorch you.' Then he takes my hand and shakes it. 'We're all square,' he says. 'But you look out, old sport, that I don't get one up on you.' He says it again. 'Look out that I don't get one up on you,' says he. 'One up. That's what the golfers call it when they've just got ahead of their man. See?'"

"Did the Head know about the 'one up'?"

"He knew everything," Fitch was frowning. "I couldn't help myself," he said crustily, "for as soon as the Council told him about my boat foundering the Headmaster sent for me and dragged it all out."

"About the chap you've been mentioning?"

"Aye, all about my gay gentleman. The Head says 'That's the man I caned?' I says 'Yes, sir.' 'But you hadn't told me about those former pranks, Fitch?' 'And I says 'No, sir; and he hasn't done anything since.' But the Head insists. 'Has he threatened you at all since?' And I had to tell him about the one up, because he kept pressing me."

Fitch paused a moment. "I said I was sorry for him," he repeated. "For, mind you, none of the first three pranks my young gent played on me was nasty pranks; he didn't play them nastily, in no nasty spirit. They were just good-tempered larks, and as such I took them; but I reported the last to the Head for this reason, that I wanted the ferry put out of bounds."

"But the scuppering of your boat wasn't just a mere prank?"

"No," said the old man with vigour; "that was different. That was malice, that was. And I wouldn't have believed my young gent could have done it."

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO GETS A SHOCK

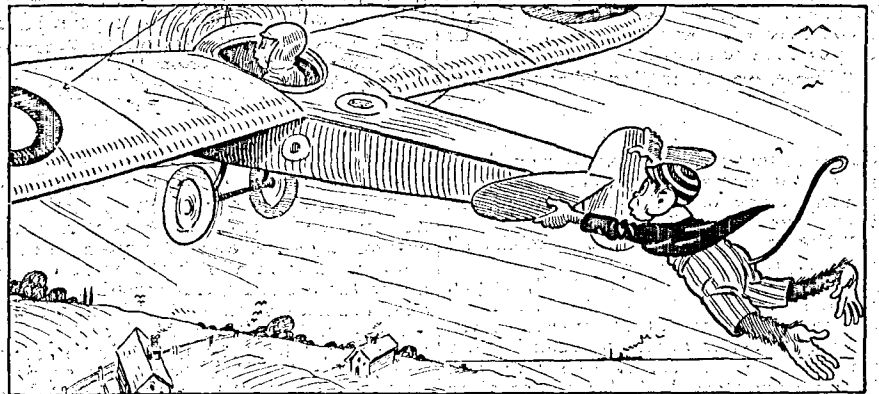
Jacko never had a very great opinion of his big brother until he heard that Adolphus had bought an aeroplane and was learning to fly.

He was thrilled when Adolphus announced one day that he had finished his flying lessons and was going up alone for the first time.

Suddenly, with a grin, he went up to the plane and squatted down on the tail. "Now we'll see how clever he is," said Jacko.

But once Adolphus had got the engine going it took more than Jacko's weight to keep the machine on the ground.

It began to move.



"Stop!" screamed Jacko, hanging on in terror

"Take me with you," he begged. "Certainly not," said Adolphus; "flying's not for kids."

"Swank!" replied Jacko; and though he was told to clear off he hung about his brother like a shadow all day.

Coming out of the house after tea he was rewarded by the sight of a familiar figure, all dressed up in flying kit, hurrying across the big meadow.

"There he is!" muttered Jacko, taking to his heels. "And, my word, there's his old machine!"

By the time he had caught him up Adolphus had scrambled in and was settling himself in his seat. He was far too engrossed to notice Jacko.

Jacko looked at him with envy.

Jacko sat a bit firmer.

It began to rise. And to Jacko's surprise he began to rise too.

"Cool!" he muttered; "I'll have to jump for it."

But it was too late; they were mounting steadily—the meadow seemed miles below.

"Stop!" screamed Jacko in terror.

And almost at once the machine turned and came slowly back to earth.

Jacko rolled over on the grass.

"It's lucky you heard me shout," he said as he caught Adolphus's eye.

Adolphus looked surprised.

"I didn't hear a sound," he said.

"I came down for my goggles. What did you shout for?"



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Hugon's BEEF SUET

—the good Beef Suet with its unusually rich vitamines content, its entire freedom from adulterant or preservative of any kind, should have a permanent place in your larder. Ask your Grocer for a packet to-day.

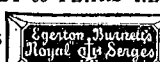
SHREDDED for Puddings, Piecrust, Mincemeat, etc., and for addition to milk puddings and porridge it is supreme.
In BLOCKS for Frying Meat, Fish and Potatoes, for Basting, and all Cooking purposes it is unsurpassed.
In small packets, and 4-oz., 8-oz. and 16-oz. cartons.
HUGON & CO., LTD., MANCHESTER.
Originators of Refined Beef Suet.



KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 5/-, 3 lb. 10/-. Excellent for Children's Garments, etc. White or Navy 3/4 lb. Colours from 3/10 lb. post free. **PURE WOOL SERGES** from 2/8 to 25/11 yard. Reliable Tweeds, Flannels, Tailoring, Cottons, etc.

Patterns sent with pleasure.
NEARLY 60 YEARS' REPUTATION

EGERTON BURNETT'S
N.C. DEPT.



WELLINGTON, SOMERSET, ENGLAND.

If it's
CREMONA
it's good
Toffee!

Try "RED BOY" Chocolate Assortment

"Fine Score that!"



He was well past the century before he was caught out. A fine score by a good player.

A piece of Wrigley's Chewing Gum in the mouth refreshes, keeps you alert during the game.

Wrigley's helps digestion, too, and cleanses the teeth. Chew a piece "after every meal."

In two flavours — P.K., a pure peppermint flavour; and Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour. Only 1d. a packet, but the finest quality money can buy.

The flavour lasts — British made



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 14s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 4, 1931

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year. (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

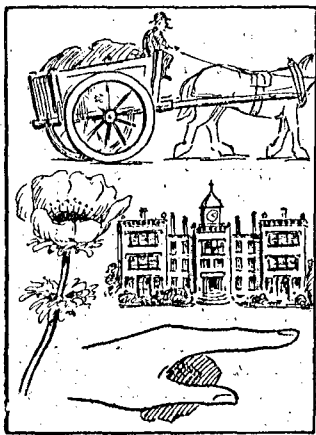
The Legacies

A BUSINESS man left £1500 in his will to be divided between three members of his staff—the secretary, the cashier, and the head clerk.

The legacies were to be in the same proportion as the length of service. If the secretary had been employed three times as long as the head clerk and the cashier twice as long as the secretary, how much should each man receive?

Answer next week

A Pictorial Acrostic



FIND the words represented by these four pictures and arrange them one under another in such order that the initials and the finals spell the names of a kind of holiday and what is used for it.

Answer next week

The Ancients Were Modern

Talking Pictures. The Chinese have had their own variety of talkies for untold centuries. Marionettes cut from parchment, and with movable heads and limbs, are operated behind a gauze screen lit from the back by oil lamps. A man standing out of sight of the audience recites the dialogue of the characters, and an orchestra supplies the music.

Records dating from 121 B.C. show that this form of entertainment was as popular then as it is today, and there is no way of telling how old it may be.

Ici On Parle Français



Le drapeau Un Esquimaux La palissade

Le drapeau flotte au gré du vent. Les Esquimaux vivent de la pêche. Une palissade est autour du pré.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South. In the evening Mars is in the North-West and Saturn is in the South-East.

The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on Wednesday, July 8.

Packing Flowers in Grass

THE mowings from a lawn are splendid for packing flowers which have to be sent by post.

Put a thick layer of the clippings into the bottom of the box and then place the flowers. Cover them with more grass, making sure that the box is completely filled. Even the most delicate blooms will remain fresh for several days if grass is used in this way.

A Strange Custom

GEORGE put down his book. "I have just been reading about quaint wedding customs among savage tribes," he said. "I found it very fascinating."

"Oh, I dare say," agreed Alan, "but the Scots have some quaint marriage customs too. For example, a Scotsman cannot marry his widow's sister."

"Really? How interesting," said George innocently.

Alan kept a straight face for a few moments, and then exploded with laughter. Why was this?

How Many Pins?

HERE is an interesting little problem the solution of which is surprising.

A tumbler is filled to the brim with water and you are asked how many pins you could put into it without causing an overflow. One person who tried this experiment found that no less than 4320 pins can be put into the tumbler. To do the trick the pins must be put in one at a time. The water at the top of the glass swells up, yet there is no overflow.

A Numbered Title

WHAT is the name of this great play?

Its 18, 19, 24, 20, 3, 11, 17, 9, 10 is left over.

Its 15, 14, 6, 11, 4, 19, 18 is a loud noise.

Its 5, 20, 7, 9 is identical.

Its 16, 15, 19, 1, 8 is vapour.

Its 2, 12, 13, 10, 20, 15, 9 is to come and go.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Solving the Puzzles Linked Squares

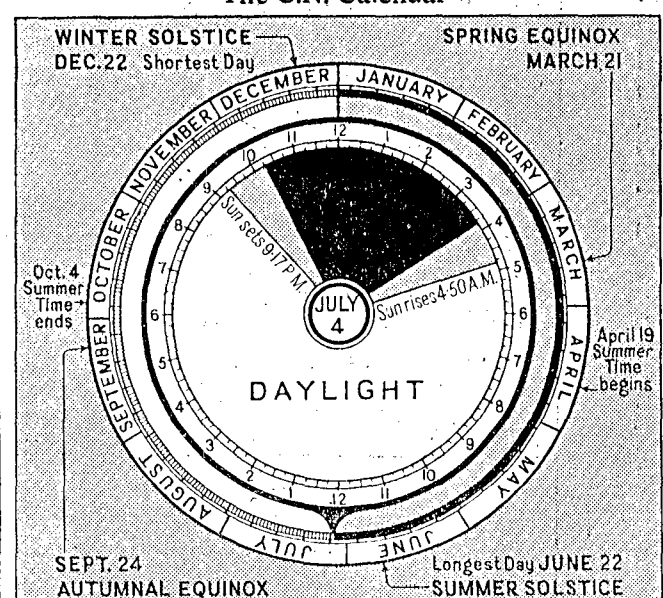
Each girl solved all her puzzles. PAN-TRY a pe-roe new-yet

A Summer Fruit. Raspberry

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

MANE AUGHT IDEA
ONE UPRIGHT RED
N EAST N Ooze M
END ELM ANTALI
YULE YOUNG EDIT
REDE ALE AMENI
ASS ATTENDS DEN
BE EROS TOSS SO

The C.N. Calendar



THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on July 4. The days are now getting shorter. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

Dr MERRYMAN

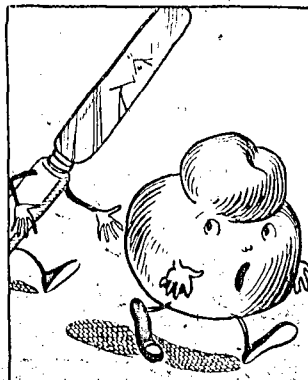
Work and Play

THE bookworm entered the stationer's shop.

"Have you any of Shakespeare's works?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied the new assistant; "but we have all of his plays."

The Cutter Cut



"Now don't be shy," cried Mr Knife.

"Please won't you come to tea?" "Oh, dear me, no!" said Mr Bread.

"Too sharp you try to be: You say such nasty cutting things, So keep away from me."

Sleeping Quickly

"I ONLY slept two hours last night."

"You must be very tired, then?"

"Not at all; I sleep very quickly."

A Truthful Traveller

THE guest of the evening regaled his listeners with tales of his recent visit to India.

"We went out tiger hunting," he began after a pause.

"Did you have any luck?" queried a young man.

"Rather! I didn't see one."

Hope

THEY met at their club, the famous critic and the bumptious young writer.

"Ha, Blank," said the critic, "I've just read a book of yours."

"My last one?" asked the youth.

"I hope so," was the reply.

Good Workmanship

HE was very angry with his tailor.

"Why, the very first time I put on this coat it split down the back," he said.

"That shows you how well we sew on the buttons, sir," replied the tailor.

CLEAN TEETH AT BED-TIME



If you go to bed without brushing your teeth every night, you run the risk of toothache sooner or later; and that is not only painful but also keeps you from being as well as you might be. So, clean your teeth at least twice a day, morning and evening—evening is the most important.

IF YOU HAVEN'T TRIED

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

fill in and post the coupon below, and a sample will be sent for you to use every evening for at least a week.

COUPON To Euthymol (Dept. 81 J.J.), 50, Beak St., London, W.1. Please send me a free sample of Euthymol Tooth Paste.

Name.....

Address.....

The Paper That Made Wireless Popular

IF you want your radio set to give you the best results you *must* understand how it works. If it suddenly fails to bring in those foreign stations you should know *why* and not have to wait for expensive technical advice.

POPULAR WIRELESS is a practical weekly paper that deals week by week with all phases of wireless. It is brightly and clearly written and has a staff of expert contributors who will keep you in touch with all the latest developments. It is for the beginner and the expert. It is the paper that made wireless popular. It will help YOU to get the best from your set.

POPULAR WIRELESS

Every Thursday

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

FIVE times had the streaky hen laid away, and five times had the ferryman's dumb child brought back both hen and egg with an honesty that surprised Mistress Willett. But she had been puzzled at the girl's gesticulations.

Evidently she was trying to tell Mistress Willett something, but her odd ways were past the good dame's understanding. She would take the matter to the Prioress, along with the eggs, which she sold to the nuns.

Perhaps it would be as well to have the child with her. The nuns had a wonderful way with the afflicted.

It was an easy enough task to make her intention understood, and the girl showed all eagerness to go, but she in-

sisted that the streaky hen should go too. So off they set for the Priory.

The Prioress came to them in the garden.

"Tis a matter that concerns the streaky hen," began the dame. "The child has tried to tell me. If the Lord had not seen fit so to afflict her she would have been a bright one."

The Prioress stroked dumb Trudie's flaxen hair, and the little girl smiled, then caught at the chain that the Prioress was wearing and made a movement as if she would have it round her own neck.

"Not so, little one," said the Prioress, and Trudie's face became overcast.

Suddenly across the green sward came the Novice

Ursula, a particular favourite of Trudie's. Still clutching the streaky hen, and giving her queer little high-pitched laugh, she ran to meet her. She caught hold of her wimple and began pulling her across the grass in the direction of the pond where the great carp swam.

"Let her have her way," said the Prioress, and she and Mistress Willett followed.

Arrived at the water's edge, where reeds grew thickly, Trudie thrust the streaky hen into a sheltered spot, then plunged a bare arm deep into the water. Jumping up, she patted the hen and pointed to the pond.

"She hath found something in the water where the streaky hen laid away," cried Ursula.

THE SECRET OF THE REEDS

Again the child caught at the Prioress's chain.

"Let us go with her," said the Prioress, and Trudie laughed, caught up the streaky hen, and ran on ahead.

Close to the ferry she once more tucked the hen into the shelter of the reeds and pointed to the water.

Novice Ursula crouched and peered in.

"The Lady Stephanie Taillebois's lost chain!" she cried. "See, it is caught in the reeds. And the uproar the girl made about it! Blaming us poor novices!"

Trudie's father had to be fetched to recover the chain, so entangled was it in the reeds.

As for the streaky hen, it was given to dumb Trudie to be her very own.